

SIR ROBERT PEEL. By Augustine Birrell.

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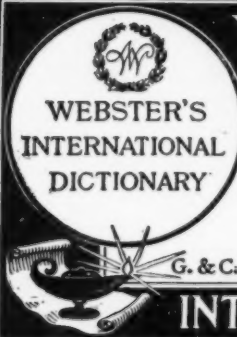
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Seventh Series,  
Volume III. }

No. 2867—June 17, 1899.

{ From Beginning,  
Vol. CCXXI.

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SEVENTH SERIES.  
Volume III.

NO. 2867. JUNE 17, 1899.

FROM BEGINNING  
Vol. CCXXI.

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## SIR ROBERT PEEL.\*

English politicians, though of the first rank, must usually be content, like the heroes of the mimic stage, with full houses and loud cheers; with the verdicts of their contemporaries; the enthusiasm of their supporters; the respect of their opponents; with the loves and hates and jealousies of an active life; the sense of full days and stirring events, of proud moments and realized ambitions. Opportunists they all were, of course, else had they not been British statesmen, and pilots in the dark hours. We do not search their memoirs for pregnant sayings, and if we read their speeches at all, Burke's only excepted, it is for purely party purposes; certainly not for intellectual profit or æsthetic enjoyment. To survey the comely series of volumes which contain the orations of our great parliamentary figures from Pitt to Gladstone, is to summon up the same thoughts and to create the same atmosphere of melancholy pleasure as when in some Green Room library you take down from a seldom-visited shelf copies of the old plays in which a Betterton or a Garrick, a Siddons or a Jordan, once took the town by storm. Charles Lamb has moralized on old

play-bills; old Orders of the Day might well provoke kindred reflections.

When a great politician dies, a man whose name has been on the tongues of all, and in every kind of type for scores of years, the good-hearted British public makes the matutinal observations conventionally described as "mourning a loss," attends his funeral or memorial service, and then, after scratching his name on the Abbey stones or elsewhere, is well content to leave him alone for evermore with the epithet or attribute it deems most appropriate to attach to his name. Thus, Pitt is majestic, Fox generous, Canning splendid, Palmerston patriotic, John Russell plucky, Disraeli romantic, Gladstone religious; and so on. Nor are these epithets open to revision. Whatever records leap to life they are not in the least likely to be altered. The fact is, Englishmen understand their political leaders down to the ground. They have never mistaken them for saints, heroes, or philosophers. Indeed, they know them to be sinners, usually as blind to the future as the grocer down the street, and occasionally as ignorant of the past as the publican at the corner, but who, for all that, stood like men for their brief hour on the quarter-deck of the big ship which is still groaning and

\*Sir Robert Peel from his Private Papers. Edited for his Trustees by C. S. Parker. Three Vols. London: John Murray.

grunting on its way. *They* at all events never ran her aground.

Sir Robert Peel was born in 1788, in the old world, as one may say; and now, one hundred and eleven years afterwards, in a quite new world, in a country which takes every year from the pockets of its people £110,000,000 sterling, we are for the first time supplied with the materials necessary for forming what is called an instructed opinion upon his most remarkable public career. Everything is placed at our service; all is well arranged and clearly expressed—nothing seems kept back that relates to a public life; and yet, for the purposes of reviewing contemporary judgments, or of revising the careless tradition of the street, or of enabling us to sit with confidence in the seat of judgment, I do not know that we find ourselves much better off than we were before. Affidavit-evidence is now universally despised, and to form an opinion of a public man from his memoranda and speeches is to rely upon the same dead-alive testimony. A good portrait, as Carlyle used to say, is half the battle, but there is no great picture of Peel—the best is the word-portrait of Disraeli.

The angry passions of 1829 and 1845 have not disfigured the character of Peel. They were fierce enough. Politicians who have lived through the years 1886-94 can have no difficulty in appreciating the fury with which Peel was assailed by Protestant bigotry and Protectionist zeal, or how old friendships (so-called) were severed and party ties broken. He was fortunate in one respect. Through it all Wellington stood by his side. It was no doubt hard to hear Sir Edward Knatchbull exclaim, "*Nusquam tuta fides*," almost intolerable to have to submit to the heartless raillery of Disraeli, hardest of all to look into his own heart and know that his ill-timed obstinacy had (perhaps) robbed Canning of what in

his hands might have been a glorious triumph, and his well-timed conversion deprived Villiers of what would have been a famous victory. It is, however, the business of politicians to do a good deal of night-poaching, and it is a pardonable weakness to believe that an intelligent providence must have meant *you* and not gentlemen opposite to save the country.

Peel entered Parliament for an Irish borough in 1809, when he was just of age. Is this a good thing? Lord Halifax, the Trimmer, thought not, and, in his shrewd hints for the choice of Members of Parliament, gives his reasons. Mr. Gladstone, on the other hand, thought it was. Certainly few men become Parliamentary hands quickly. For the business of a statesman ten years is a short apprenticeship, but it is a good-sized slice out of a life. There seems no very obvious reason why a seat in the House of Commons should either arrest a young man's intellectual development or ossify his imagination, yet if the young man is by the order of his mind slow-moving, prim, frigid, and mechanical, if he possesses none of that dangerous but precious acid which dissipates platitudes and disintegrates falsehoods, if he is apt to be a little uncomfortable in the presence of actual fact but very much at his ease when amplifying and expounding in sonorous periods bookish conceptions and notions, and if to these positive and negative qualities he adds a liking for office and an aptitude for business, then it is that an early adoption of party creeds and party connections and a complete immersion into the affairs of the hour are certain to impede the free swing of the mind and likewise the full muscular development of a truth-loving intelligence.

Robert Peel had an orderly mind, quick to absorb, ready to assimilate, and slow to deny. He never revolted



from a lie, but slowly ceased to believe in it. He merely entertained his ideas, and therefore never found it hard to cease to be "at home" to any of them. He had none of the vehemence of his great pupil, who, none the less, was equally destined to do a great deal of unloading. It has been said of Mr. Gladstone, and with perfect truth, that he was never either a Whig or a Protestant. He arrived at his Liberalism by paths untrodden by the huge hosts of his followers, who had to be content to cheer the result without studying the process. Peel, like Gladstone, was brought up among Tories, and received a sound classical education in Tory strongholds from port-wine dons and divines bent on being bishops, the very last people in the world to teach their pupils to verify the accepted *formulae* of Church and State. The remark used often to be made that Peel was sprung from the people. In the already old-fashioned days of which Mr. Samuel Smiles was the popular *vates*, "the rise of the Peel family" was a favorite subject for the thrifty muse, and there were sentimentalists ready to attribute Sir Robert's genuine devotion to the cause of Labor and his fierce desire to cheapen living to his ancestry. But in England, where we are all woven strangely of the same piece, these things count for very little. Between a decent agricultural laborer and a decent duke there are no differences which cannot be easily accounted for by those different personal habits which are engendered by their way of life. Twenty years in big houses, in laborers' cottages, in merchants' villas, in artisans' dwellings, in Whitechapel tenements, will explain all the differences noticeable between the different ranks of her Majesty's lieges. Peel is said to have had a provincial accent. Of the three great Lancashire orators of our own time, Lord Derby, Mr. Gladstone, and Mr. Bright, the last

alone was spotless in this matter, for a quick Lancastrian ear could easily detect his native accents in the scholarly tones of Gladstone, whilst they flourished unabashed in the manly discourse of the Rupert of debate. The Peel pedigree need not detain us. The gentleman-commoner of Christ Church of 1806 was like the rest of his brethren, except in one fortunate particular. He was the heir to great wealth not made out of the ownership of the soil. Peel was destined to fight the landed interest, which then sought to throttle the nation, even as his high-spirited son is now engaged in fighting the drink interest which seeks to throttle us. What made Peel's contest especially bitter was that the wounded country gentlemen had to confess that the pinion that impelled the fatal steel had been nourished in their own nurseries, and awarded the pet diploma of the greedy monopolist—the representation in Parliament of the University of Oxford. And yet never was statesman more truly Conservative in all his mental methods than Sir Robert Peel, whose tortured spirit never sought to escape from the blunt brutalities of the squires or the poisoned invective of their hired bravo by the simple expedient of throwing wide open the windows of his mind and letting the free air of heaven sweep through its chambers. The history of the landed interest in England, from the date when it plundered the Church of the territories that were intended to be, and often were, the support of the poor and the shelter of the aged, to the unhappy hour when it turned a deaf, because a selfish, ear to the Report of the Devon Commission, has never yet been written; and to write it now would be, so far as the agricultural interest is concerned, to trample on a poverty-stricken race, who barely contrive to go on existing by avoiding those contributions to the Navy which, under the

name of Death Duties, are levied upon cash values only.

Insolent in the hour of its prosperity, the landed interest has become mean in more straitened circumstances. But, even had this history been composed in Peel's time, he would have taken no pleasure in its perusal, so rooted was his love for the order of things as he found them. The Conservatism of most men is based on fear and a lively sense of the risks to which all Governments are exposed. The surprising thing is that society should exist at all, and that dividends should go on being paid at the Bank. Any condition of things that has proved itself to be compatible with a social *status quo* is to be respected by statesmen, and if possible revered by the populace. Sobriety, security, and peace were the real objects of Peel's devotion. Had the Dissenters of England been as strong as the Roman Catholics in Ireland, Peel would have disestablished and disendowed the Church of England on the best terms he could get for her, nor would his pillow ever have been haunted by ghosts in lawn. He had a true statesman's horror of enthusiasts and martyrs. So that he might dodge revolution and avoid bloodshed, there were few sacrifices he was not prepared to make. He, had not, indeed, reduced the art of capitulation to the simple formula of his colleague the great Duke, who, whenever driven into a corner, was content to put the question, "How is the Government of the King (or Queen) to be carried on?" and then, having answered it in a particular way, proceeded to repudiate all his former political notes-of-hand with the effrontery of a South American Republic. Peel was a man who intellectualized his apostasies. True it was that he was taught by circumstance, and trod the tortuous paths of party rather than the narrow way of truth; still, he had a mind which, like some plants, instinc-

tively turned to the light. Seriousness has not been a common quality with English Prime Ministers. The light-heartedness of most of them is amazing. Even the horrors of the criminal code have never turned a politician's stomach. Peel was a serious Minister, always, so Mr. Disraeli complained, "absorbed in thought." The Condition of England Question weighed more heavily on the statesman than ever it did on the novelist, although the imaginative genius of the latter enabled him, without pain or labor, to see deeper into the cauldron than could the former. But Disraeli did nothing for England; Peel saved her. "There was always," says Mr. Disraeli half-contemptuously, "some person representing some theory or system exercising an influence over his mind." Forcible is the retort made by Mr. Thursfield in his short "Life of Peel," the authority of which remains unimpaired by the elaborate publications of Mr. Parker: "To have learned the principles of currency and finance from Ricardo, Horner, and Huskisson, the principles of criminal legislation from Romilly and Mackintosh, and the principles of free trade from Villiers and Cobden, was not Peel's reproach but his everlasting honor."

No statesman of the century has left his mark so plainly inscribed upon both the Statue Book and the life and business of the nation as Sir Robert Peel. He it was who resumed cash payments, established a gold standard, and told us "What is a pound." He was the author of the Bank Charter Act, and of the sweet simplicity of the Three per Cents. We owe it to Sir Robert Peel that the Income Tax is always with us, and that a policeman is, or ought to be, at the corner of every street. The Budgets of 1842 and 1845 are chapters in our financial history, for was it not Peel who taught us to fight hostile tariffs with free imports? Across Ireland

the names of most Chief Secretaries are writ in water, but Peel left behind him that constabulary force of which we hear every year when the Irish Estimates come on for discussion. The law reformer loves the name of Peel, who humanized the criminal code, and showed at least a willingness to listen to the voice of Bentham and to recast our judicature. Finally, he emancipated the Catholics, and carried free trade in corn. Here is a programme, indeed, by the side of which that of Newcastle may well pale its ineffectual fires. Yet we are always told there was something sinister about the career of Peel. There is a slouch in the gait of our deliverer. What is it? It is to be found in Greville's famous maxim, "The Tories only can carry Liberal measures." The men behind Peel cried "Traitor!" and the men in front of him murmured "Thief!" "The right honorable gentleman's life," said Mr. Disraeli, "has been one vast appropriation clause."

It was the subsequent boast of Disraeli himself, one of the most light-fingered of the fraternity, that he had educated his party, though what he really thought of the process to which he had subjected them it is better only guessing. Peel could not honestly say that he had educated his party, but as he succeeded in coercing it, no good Liberal will grudge him his splendid record of great achievements or his imperishable fame. In these respects we consider Peel to be an exception to the general rule that encompasses departed statesmen in a trailing cloud of forgetfulness.

Mr. Parker's three capacious volumes enable us to form (if we are sufficiently imaginative and have any knowledge of affairs) an estimate of the great compass of Peel's public interests and his devotion to business. We see Mr. Gladstone's schoolmaster abroad in every page. Peel had a passion for good gov-

ernment and for competency in high places. In his disposition of patronage he was "a kinless loon," and passed over his brethren after a fashion which must make Lord Halsbury stare. Nor was it only his own brothers; those of his colleagues fared no better.

We find Goulburn, who wanted his brother made a Judge, writing to Peel in 1835:

When there are no superior qualifications evidently marking out a man for an office, it is, I think, impolitic to select for appointment those men who have been uniformly opposed to a Government, or only recently converted. I may live [*mark the sarcasm*] in a peculiar society, but I can assure you that I find nothing more prejudicial to our interests than the impression that prevails that such is our course. It deadens the exertions of zealous friends, and it makes the large mass, namely, those who act on interested motives, oppose us as a matter of profitable speculation. I believe that we have suffered more from making Abercrombie Chief Baron than from any act of our last Administration. So much I have thought it right to say on public grounds (Vol. II. p. 273).

How familiar are the accents of the jobber! Mr. Goulburn was quite right in hinting that it was Peel and not his Chancellor of the Exchequer who kept peculiar society. Nothing is rarer in our public men than a genuine devotion to *all* branches of the public service. Peel kept his eye on everything, even meditating a reform of the Scottish judicature. One disadvantage of the democratic system is that a Prime Minister no longer feels himself responsible for good government. He awaits "a mandate" from a mob who are watching a football match.

Full, however, to overflowing as was Peel's public life, the three most interesting things in its retrospect are his handling of Catholic Emancipation, his attitude towards Parliamentary Reform, and his dealings with Wheat.

It was the way he dealt with these questions that puzzled his friends, piqued his opponents, and brought down upon his head the wrath of Oxford Combination-rooms and the fury of farmers' ordinaries. Peel was long a puzzle. "What will Peel do?" was for decades as provocative a question as his own famous query, "What is a pound?"

It cannot be said that Mr. Parker's volumes throw any entirely new light upon Peel's attitude, but they enable us at our leisure and in the ample detail of Peel's own elaborate diction to follow the mental operations and digest the conclusions of a cautious, sagacious, and ambitious man whose lot was cast in perilous times. Nor can we help being repeatedly reminded of incidents in the career of Mr. Gladstone and of similarities both of style and in the treatment of public questions existing between the Master and the Pupil.

The Catholic Question stared Peel in the face from the very beginning. It was, like the Catholic University Question of to-day, left open. Cabinet Ministers were free to be Emancipators if they chose, so long as they made no attempt upon the King's virtue. Peel had no passionate convictions about anything save the public credit and the administration of just laws by honest men, but his early associations with the stupid party, and the company he kept whilst Irish Chief Secretary from 1812-18, had taught him to regard Protestant ascendancy as a condition of government not lightly to be disturbed. In 1817 his political education was sorely encumbered by his proudly donning the chains which Canning had gloriously renounced, which Gladstone was destined too long to clank—the parliamentary representation of the University of Oxford, a constituency which has never consented to be represented by a man who has saved his country. The University muzzled Mr. Gladstone,

it hindered and delayed Peel, who saw clearly enough that Catholic Relief was only a question of time. Canning openly espoused the cause, even as Mr. Balfour has done the kindred question of the present day. The House of Commons was at least equally divided; the House of Lords, despite a majority of forty against Relief, has never really fought any measure of reform recommended to it by a Tory Minister; and as for the Crown, Peel's lofty spirit scorned an opposition which should be founded (to use his own words) "merely on the will or scruples of the King." The contempt entertained both by Peel and Wellington for George IV. and William IV. gives quite a literary flavor to many of the letters of the two statesmen. But though Peel saw Emancipation afar off, he had no mind to be mixed up in it. It was Canning's question, and between Canning and Peel there was a very imperfect sympathy. Mr. Disraeli tells us that Canning was jealous of Peel, and that Peel did not like Canning. This need not surprise us. Peel was not famous for his friendships. The good old Duke, whose behavior to Peel was angelical, never could be got to believe that Peel did not actually dislike him. To keep Wellington and Peel on speaking terms was quite an occupation for a number of wealthy gentlemen, and inspired many a dull dinner-party in the thirties and forties. The old Tory party hated Canning, fierce anti-Reformer though he was, with the hatred it has ever felt "for d——d intellect." Arbuthnot writes to Peel, just after Canning's death, to remind him "that our great Tory and aristocratical support was caused by the dislike and dread of Canning." Peel relied upon Tory and aristocratical support, and, consequently, when Lord Liverpool retired, and Canning fiercely claimed the succession and obtained (somehow or another) a great hold upon the King, Peel and Well-  
ing-

ton cleared out and left Canning to make terms with Lord Lansdowne and a section of the Whigs. Peel did not leave on the Catholic Question, for that was not to be agitated; he left because he would not work with Canning. The old King of Terrors dominates Parliaments. Death came to Canning's assistance, whose sudden removal from the playhouse of St. Stephen's made it much easier for Peel to add a new part to his *répertoire*, namely, the character of an emancipator. Canning died in office in August, 1827. In January, 1829, a complete measure of Catholic Relief was decided upon by the Duke's Government, and the man to introduce it to the House of Commons was the statesman who, whenever Canning had advocated Emancipation, had risen from the same bench to protest against it in language which drew down upon him the benedictions of the Protestants of Ireland. Oxford revolted. Peel resigned his seat, and after a contest the University found a much fitter representative in another Sir Robert whose surname was Inglis. The Bill became law in March, 1829. Does anybody ask what became of the majority of forty against Emancipation in our second Chamber? The answer must be that in 1829 the House of Lords was Wellington's pocket-borough just as in 1809 it is Lord Salisbury's. Had the Whigs introduced Catholic Emancipation in 1829 the Lords would have treated it as they did Mr. Gladstone's Home Rule Bill in 1894; but as the measure was countersigned by Wellington they treated it as they did Lord Salisbury's Vaccination Bill in 1898. Were I a Tory adverse to Radical measures I would rather rely upon the sober deep-rooted Conservatism of the English people than upon the House of Lords.

Peel's vindication is, of course, that fascinating river—the Father Tiber to whom all politicians pray—the course or current of events. The Clare Elec-

tion, the revolt of the tenants, the transfer by the will of Parliament of political power from one party to another! Let us listen for a moment to the grave voice of Peel:

This afforded a decisive proof not only that the instrument on which the Protestant proprietor had hitherto mainly relied for the maintenance of his political influence [the forty-shilling franchise for tenants] had completely failed him, but that through the combined exertions of the agitator and the priest—or, I should rather say, through the contagious sympathies of a common cause among all classes of the Roman Catholic population—the instrument of defence and supremacy had been converted into a weapon fatal to the authority of the landlord.

However men might differ as to the consequences which ought to follow the event, no one denied its vast importance. It was foreseen by the most intelligent men that the Clare election would be the turning point in the Catholic Question, the point *partes ubi se via findit in ambas*.

"Concede nothing to agitation" is the ready cry of those who are not responsible, the vigor of whose decisions is often proportionate to their own personal immunity from danger and to their imperfect knowledge of the true state of affairs.

A prudent Minister, before he determines against all concession, against any yielding or compromise of former opinions, must well consider what it is that he has to resist and what are his powers of resistance. His task would be an easy one if it were sufficient to resolve that he would yield nothing to violence or to the menace of physical force.

What was the evil to be apprehended? Not force, not violence, not any act of which the law could take cognizance. The real danger was in the peaceable and legitimate exercise of a franchise according to the will and conscience of the holder.

In such an exercise of that franchise, not merely permitted, but encouraged and approved by constitutional law, was involved a revolution in the electoral system of Ireland, the transfer of political power, so far as it was connected with representation, from one party to another.—Vol. II. p. 48.



If the Irish Government could neither turn for aid to the then existing Parliament, nor could cherish the hope of receiving it from one to be newly elected, could it safely trust for the maintenance of its authority to the extreme exercise of its ordinary powers, supported, in the case of necessity, by the organized and disciplined force at its command, namely, the constabulary and military force?—Vol. II. p. 49.

I deliberately affirm that a Minister of the Crown responsible, at the time of which I am speaking, for the public peace and the public welfare, would have grossly and scandalously neglected his duty, if he had failed to consider whether it might not be possible that the fever of religious and political excitement—which was quickening the pulse and fluttering the bosom of the whole Catholic population, which had inspired the serf of Clare with the resolution and energy of a freeman, which had, in the twinkling of an eye, made all consideration of personal gratitude, ancient family connection, local preferences, the fear of worldly injury, the hope of worldly advantage subordinate to one absorbing sense of religious obligation and public duty—whether, I say, it might not be possible that the contagion of that feverish excitement might spread beyond the barriers which, under ordinary circumstances, the habits of military obedience and the strictness of military discipline oppose to all such external influences.—Vol. II. p. 50.

This surely is convincing. But should Peel have been the man to tackle the job? He did not want to do so. He begged hard to be allowed to stand aside. The Duke was a plain soldier, ready enough, as Huskisson once found, to take even a politician at his first word; but the Duke would not take Peel at his first or second word, but he made it plain to him (as perhaps it was plain before) that without him the Relief Bill must be abandoned. "I entreat you, then, to reconsider the subject, and to give us and the country the benefit of your advice and assistance in this most difficult and important crisis." So wrote the Duke (Vol. II. p. 81).

Peel consented. It required enormous courage.

We were about to forfeit the confidence and encounter the hostility of a very great portion of our own party. The principle of concession had been affirmed by the House of Commons in the last discussion by the very smallest majority—272 to 266. It had been negatived in the House of Lords by a majority of 40. The King was hostile, the Church was hostile, a majority probably of the people of Great Britain was hostile, to concession.—Vol. II. p. 85.

Oh for that hour, in these cowardly days, of a statesman with a tithe of the courage of Sir Robert Peel!

"In a single session Peel and Wellington overcame the resistance of a hostile Sovereign, a hostile Church, a hostile House of Lords, and a public opinion fast becoming hostile." So writes Mr. Thursfield, who also reminds us of the fine compliment paid by Peel in his speech on the second reading to the injured "shade" of Canning. "Would he were here," cried Peel, "to enjoy the fruits of his victory!"

*Tuque tuis armis, nos te poteremur Achille.*

Admirably does Mr. Thursfield proceed:

The tribute was well merited and not ungenerously expressed; but, perhaps, if the shade of Canning could have revisited the House of Commons, and could have watched Peel, shorn of the prize for which both had contended, writhing in agony at the whips and scorns of time, the irony of circumstance, the revenge of neglected opportunities, and the reproaches of friends who felt themselves abandoned and betrayed, the words to rise almost unbidden to his phantom lips would have been

*"Pallas te, hoc vulnere, Pallas  
Immolat, et pœnas scelerato ex sanguine sumit."*



There is no end to capping verses. The compliments rival politicians occasionally pay one another are apt to be a little overdone. Great questions belong to the nation and not to individuals, however eloquent or long-winded. Besides, it is always easier to be generous to the dead than just to the living. Peel's conduct in this matter gave an envious stab at his reputation. He was "suspect" from that hour. One of his friends took on so about it that he had to be blooded (Vol. II. p. 94). He (the phlebotomized friend) got over it, for we find him in 1834 breathing a fervent prayer that Peel might be "destined by the Almighty to save the country at the moment of peril" (Vol. II. p. 262). Peel was the most prayed-over politician of recent times.

In the matter of Parliamentary Reform Peel was from the first a Moderate. He was the last man in the world to share Burke's romantic attachment to rotten boroughs or the Duke of Wellington's babyish aversion to big towns; nor was he gifted or cursed with the foresight of Canning, who perceived that a reformed House of Commons must eventually prove fatal to the pretensions of the landed interest in the House of Lords. Speaking at Liverpool in 1820, Canning had asked:

When once the House of Commons should become a mere deputation speaking the people's will, by what assumption of right could three or four hundred great proprietors set themselves against the national will?

Peel was in favor of going slowly in the matter, and, when opportunity offered (as it frequently did), of giving large towns parliamentary representation; but the Duke was obdurate, and the omniscient Croker was certain that the country was indifferent. We all know what happened. The flames of Nottingham Castle and the Bristol

mobs intimidated the House of Lords, who in 1832 yielded to fear as in 1829 they yielded to the Duke.

Peel's opposition to Reform can best be explained in his own words:

Why have we been struggling against the Reform Bill in the House of Commons? Not in the hope of resisting its final success in the House, but because we look beyond the Bill, because we know the nature of popular concessions, their tendency to propagate the necessity for further and more extensive compliances. We want to make the *descensus* as *difficilis* as we can—to teach young inexperienced men charged with the trust of government that, though they may be backed by popular clamor, they shall not override, on the first springtide of excitement, every barrier and breakwater raised against popular impulses; that the carrying of extensive changes in the Constitution without previous deliberation shall not be a holiday task; that there shall be just what has happened—the House sick of the question, the Ministers repenting they brought it forward, the country paying the penalty for the folly and incapacity of its rulers. All these are salutary sufferings, that may, I trust, make people hereafter distinguish between the amendment and the overturning of their institutions.—Vol. II. p. 201.

When the second Reform Bill had been defeated in the Lords, on Lyndhurst's amendment, and Lord Grey resigned, the Duke of Wellington, whose political stomach could digest anything, was ready and willing, and even anxious, to form an Administration and become responsible for "an extensive measure" of Parliamentary Reform. He could not do this without Peel, and Peel would not on this occasion come to his assistance. The Duke never quite forgave Peel for this. Even Croker was on the Duke's side, but Peel was adamant. When reminded of his behavior in 1829 he replied emphatically:

It is *not* a repetition of the Catholic question. I was then in office. I had advised the concession as a Minister.

I should now assume office for the purpose of carrying the measure to which, up to the last moment, I have been inveterately opposed.—Vol. II. p. 206.

There can be no doubt he was right. It was all very well for the hero of Waterloo to play what pranks he chose in the political arena, but Peel was not a soldier but a statesman. Besides, after the events that had happened a compromise was impossible.

Peel's connection with the duties on corn is a thrice-told tale. If he is the victor who remains in possession of the field, nothing can now be said to impair the fame of the great statesman who, though surrounded as he was in the House he so dearly loved by men impervious to reason and indifferent to human suffering, resolutely thrust them behind him, and pursued amidst "detractions rude" the path of Free Trade and gave the people bread. His conversion may have been slow, but it was sure. His face was always turned to the cheap markets. Cobden, a not too generous foe, as early as 1842 pronounced Peel a free-trader. His Budgets made it plain; his speeches were full of Free Trade. Corn, doubtless, always stood by itself. The staple produce of the land could hardly do otherwise in the mind of the leader of a party which, as Lord Ashburton put it in 1841, "was pledged to the support of the land; that principle abandoned, the party is dissolved" (Vol. II. p. 507). It may well be that it was bad harvests and wet seasons that eventually forced Peel's hands, but it was not Peel's hands for which we may thank God—but his open mind. Let us listen again to the voice of Peel:

The tariff does not go half far enough. If we could afford it we ought to take off the duty on cotton-wools and the duty on foreign sheep's wool.—Vol. II. p. 529.

We must make this country a cheap country for living, and thus induce

parties to remain here, enable them to consume more by having more to spend.—Vol. II. p. 530.

The danger is not low prices from the tariff, but low prices from inability to consume.

If Sir Charles Burrell had such cases before him as I have, of thousands and tens of thousands in want of food and employment at Greenock, Paisley, Edinburgh, and a dozen large towns in the manufacturing districts, he would not expect me to rend my garments in despair if "some excellent jerked beef from South America" should get into the English market and bring down meat from 7½d. or 8d. a pound.—Vol. II. p. 531.

To the Marquis of Ailsa Peel wrote, in March, 1842:

Whatever the future may be, no one can think the present state of things very satisfactory. If I were a landed proprietor in the West of Scotland, and saw 17,000 persons supported during the winter, as in one Scotch town, Paisley, by charitable contributions, I should seriously inquire whether the continuance of such a state of things was quite compatible with the security or, at least, the enjoyment of property.—Vol. II. p. 527.

Such sarcasm was quite thrown away upon the Marquis of Ailsa; it might as well have been addressed to the Craig of that ilk.

To get a complete understanding of the progress of this question, Mr. Parker's volumes must be supplemented by Mr. Morley's "Life of Cobden," and by the speeches of Mr. Villiers and Mr. Bright. But the more the times are studied the more will Peel, as a practical statesman and a man of judgment and devotion, stand head and shoulders above his contemporaries.

An able writer in the current number of the Quarterly Review is indisposed to call Peel a great man because he lacked imagination and preferred to co-operate with Wellington and Sir James Graham than to bluster with Palmerton or hob-a-nob with Disraeli. It all

depends upon your standard. What is a pound? In the currency of Parliament and in the estimation of the country Peel was a great man.

Mr. Parker has done his work well. There were difficulties in his way. Peel's own "Memoirs," for example, being already in print, could hardly be reprinted *en bloc*, and yet they are all needed to explain the correspondence. Mr. Parker's own notes are admirable, always explanatory, always terse. If the observation is just that Mr. Parker's nature has become so subdued to what it has worked in for the last ten years, that it is now a little difficult to recognize in the editor of "The Peel Papers" the former Home Rule member for Perth, no one will be surprised. Peel was a man with an atmosphere—and with an atmosphere it is an education to breathe.

In one respect only do I find myself like Mr. Goulburn "in a peculiar society." I (no doubt I am wrong) deeply regret the publication of the Disraeli letters. Magnanimity is so beautiful a thing that its essential privacy should be preserved as a noble family tradition, even at the expense of the public. Had Peel chosen in 1846 to produce the letter of 1841, of the existence of which he gave Disraeli a pretty broad hint, nobody could have complained and Disraeli could have replied. Peel did not do so, and what he magnanimously in the heat of conflict and in the face of insult forbore from doing Mr. Parker does in 1899. It is of the essence of magnanimity that it should be complete and eternal. Unless it is that, it is no magnanimity at all. To suppress a document for fifty years and until the man who wrote it is dead, is no kindness. No good has been done

by publication. For a couple of days the Tadpoles and the Tapers, that breed of curs, ran about sniffing and snuffing over the letters; the young lions of the press roared over them, rejoicing that their many-headed client should be let behind the scenes. But the many-headed Beast is not nearly so big a fool as those who cater for his capacious maw would often have us believe. The many-headed knows its Disraeli perfectly well, and how he never pretended to be a man of nicety. He ate his peck of dirt and achieved his measure of dignity. In the vulgar struggle for existence Disraeli did some mean and shabby things; the letter of 1841 was perhaps one of them, the denial of it in 1846 was perhaps another, but a mean and shabby man Disraeli was not, and his reputation, such as it is, stands just where it did before these disclosures. The two letters are out of place in these stately memorials of a savior of society. They jar upon you like a vulgar word scribbled on the pedestal of a noble statue. When the Chancellor of the Exchequer the other day made his annual reference to the rise in the value of our shares in the Suez Canal, never were the cheers louder. Disraeli, too, had his day; and though, for my part, I would as soon think of coupling Dr. Johnson with Jacques Casanova as Peel with Disraeli, I can still, remembering all the differences in the circumstances of the two men, find room for a regret that these memoirs should be made the vehicle of seeking to cast an unnecessary slur upon the memory of a man who, when all is said and done, will remain the author of the finest literary tribute to the character of Peel ever likely to be written.

## OLD OAK.\*

This is a self-conscious and imitative age. We look to the past for inspiration, with too little regard for the special necessities and conditions of our own day. Let him who would find full and cogent proof of the truth of this proposition view the Law Courts in Fleet Street within and without. The accomplished architect, with infinite labor and zeal, brought together a congeries of beautiful ornament and detail wholly unfitted for London smoke and fog, and, having become as it were hypnotized by the spirit of mediævalism, persuaded himself and others that a building, apparently intended for a monastery in a remote part of Spain, satisfied the requirements of courts of justice in the middle of London. But whatever architectural failures may be due to a too slavish regard for precedent, the present taste for the furniture and woodwork of a bygone age is less open to adverse criticism. Our needs in this respect are not essentially different from those of our forefathers; and the old models are so good, while the furniture of the mahogany age of fifty years ago is so incurably and irredeemably bad, that we cannot go very far wrong in reverting to earlier and purer canons of taste. Hence there are few pursuits which have given more pleasure to their votaries than the search for and collection of specimens of old oak handicraft; few, it must be added, in which the wily dealer has put more pleasantries upon the confiding customer. For here supply is in no wise adequate to demand. Fire, worm, damp, neglect, decay, accident, have contributed to leave

comparatively little of the garniture of an old English house. It was clear very early that the stock must be maintained from other sources. What those sources are we shall indicate presently more at length; it is enough to say now that the forger's activity has, to a certain extent, recoiled upon his own head. The general suspicion cast upon old oak has made the unlearned very shy about buying, and while distrusting their own judgment they have even less confidence in the vendor's assurances and recommendations.

It is remarkable how scanty and inadequate is the literature of the subject. Church furniture and fittings have received abundant attention, but domestic furniture seems to have been to a great extent neglected. Many excellent drawings have, it is true, been published, but the letter-press in almost all cases is meagre and inaccurate. Architects and others have given us plates which, while supplying admirable working drawings for designers, are accompanied by descriptions which illustrate only the shallowness of the writer's knowledge. For instance, in a volume published not many years ago, a drawing is given of a Jacobean acorn-legged table, which has been fantastically christened "Chaucer's table." The author proceeds gravely to discuss the question whether the table may not have been brought from Italy by the poet, who spent some considerable time in that country *about the period of the Renaissance!*

Old carved oak furniture such as the collector, not being a millionaire, is likely to pick up, may be referred to a

\*1. Examples of Carved Oak Woodwork in the Houses and Furniture of the Sixteenth and Seventeenth Centuries. By W. B. Sanders. London, 1883.

2. Specimens of Antique Carved Furniture and

Woodwork (English). By A. Marshall. London, 1885.

3. Examples of Old Furniture (English and Foreign). By A. E. Chancellor. London, 1898.

fairly well-defined period. There is little to be found of a date before or after the seventeenth century. Specimens of real Elizabethan work were never, in later days, sufficiently common for many examples to have survived; and when, after the beginning of Queen Anne's reign, fashion changed, the old school of wood-carvers passed away, leaving successors whose efforts are but feeble and degenerate imitations of the work of the preceding century. The simplicity of primitive times was long preserved in the forms, and is still preserved in the names, of articles of domestic use. The cupboard on which the Saxon settler ranged his drinking-cups, the sideboard on which he put aside the dishes and food not in immediate use, the trestle-supported board or table on which his meal was laid, attest the rude domestic economy of the day; and what was good enough for the early immigrant served with little modification for his successors, tillers of the soil, for many generations. Scattered here and there in the dwellings of the richer thanes, or in the monasteries, more elaborate work might no doubt be met with, richly ornamented furniture and fittings from Italy; but classical influence was too refined, too far above the necessities of such rude times, to be taken into account in examining the development of the household surroundings of the Anglo-Saxon eorl or thane. Nor will that influence be found to play a greater part at a later period. Activity and invention during the Middle Ages ran almost exclusively in devotional or military channels. Where luxury existed it was forced to accommodate itself to ecclesiastical forms. When the wealthy baron wanted to furnish his castle with extraordinary splendor he had to apply to the architect, who transferred bodily, rather than translated into wood, the fine Gothic conceptions and designs which belonged in truth to the

structure and ornament of a church. Little genuine Gothic furniture remains to our days, but we can see plenty of examples in the illuminations of missals and other works. Allowing for stiffness and conventionality of drawing, we have abundant evidence that such adaptations must have been uncomfortable and unsuitable to the last degree; but the sacrifice of comfort to dignity and sumptuousness is readily made. Pugin designed some Gothic furniture for Windsor Castle, and the fidelity with which he adhered to ancient models made his failure to produce work either in good taste or adapted for its purpose only more complete.

Domestic convenience and luxury were all but unknown to the middle classes in England before the Tudor period. During the long peace which followed the Wars of the Roses, national wealth, which showed but slight increment in the preceding centuries, increased by leaps and bounds. The franklin, the well-to-do burgher, even the craftsman and the husbandman, began to look for elegance and comfort in the place of bare necessities. Art, which had been confined to the church and the castle, deigned to visit the hall and the homestead. A school of wood-carvers of considerable skill and ability had survived the troubled times of the fifteenth century; and although their work will not often bear comparison in respect of either taste or precision with the exquisite carvings executed a hundred years earlier, rood-screens and bench-ends in many churches and carved panelling in a few manor-houses prove that the handicraftsman's skill had survived the decadence of Gothic architecture. But when Gothic architecture was obsolete, and the men were dead who worked out Gothic conceptions in stone or wood, it became necessary to look abroad for what England could no longer supply. As Tudor times advanced and the last of the old

workmen passed away, having taught their mystery to no successors, the shortcomings of native talent were supplied from Flanders and the Low Countries. When the tide of the Renaissance flowing from Italy was spreading itself over the plains of Western Europe, the simultaneous growth of trade and commerce was rapidly creating wealth; and wealth refused to be confined within the narrow limits, the restrictive trammels, of the past. Just as the revival of classical learning and literature called forth a band of scholars whose acumen and industry unlocked for them with little delay the gates of their new inheritance, so classic art found equal ability and devotion in the craftsman. The *cinquecento* period produced wood-carvers in Italy, France, and Flanders whose works are the pattern and despair of modern imitators. Communication between England and the Low Countries had been constant and intimate during the Middle Ages, owing to the wool trade; and when a call for the new development of art arose in England, it was only natural that the response should come from Flanders. The finer woodwork, of sixteenth-century date, which fortunately is still to be admired in many historic mansions throughout the land, was almost all executed by Flemish workmen, many of whom had doubtless sought these shores as refugees escaping from religious persecution. The richly-carved panelling, the overmantel or screen decorated with grotesque figures executed with vivacity and precision, betray their foreign origin just as surely as the "Flaunders kist" of the church inventories of an earlier age. Of course we are not to assume that native skill was altogether wanting. English workmen, at first no doubt under the direction of Flemish artificers, but afterwards without foreign assistance, produced much good work; but in the higher class of sub-

jects, in the more correct anatomical representation of figures and the skilful rendering of foliage, English art cannot be said to have approached the Continental standard. How high that standard was, how well-nigh unapproachable, is perhaps best shown in the magnificent wood-carving of the organ loft in the chapel of King's College, Cambridge, executed in 1535.

The excellence of Elizabethan and Jacobean work fully maintained the tradition of former years. It is only after the Civil War that the decadence becomes marked. Although much fine work of Restoration date remains in many of our great churches, no fresh impetus stimulated and directed the development of domestic furniture. As the seventeenth century closed, each decade saw less and less originality of design, and a complete degeneracy in English carved oak marks the Hanoverian age. Any date subsequent to about 1700 on a cabinet or buffet is generally surrounded by work which proves how great was the fall from the height attained in past days. Each year saw a greater poverty of conception, and ruder, shallower, and more perfunctory ornament; but the art, well-nigh defunct, received its death-blow from an unlooked-for quarter. In the year 1724, the master of a West Indian ship brought home some logs of wood called mahogany as ballast, and gave them to his brother, Dr. William Gibbons, a London physician of some repute, who was building a house. The carpenters declared that it was too hard for their tools, and refused to use it. Mahogany, as we know it, is more easily worked than oak; but it must be remembered that the early importations consisted of what is known as Spanish mahogany from the island of St. Domingo, an extremely hard variety; and the use of English oak had then for some time been largely superseded by soft-grained woods. A candle-box was afterwards



made of the new wood, which looked so well that a bureau was taken in hand. This attracted the admiration of the doctor's visitors, and, amongst them, of the Duchess of Buckingham, who ordered another of the same material. A supply being easily obtained, mahogany became the rage, and all who made any pretence to be in the fashion hastened to clear their houses of old oak furniture to make way for its more elegant rival. Thus many a costly chest, cabinet, or bedstead was degraded from the mansion to the cottage. People often wonder at the finely-carved oak still occasionally to be seen in humble dwellings, and draw therefrom unwarrantable conclusions as to the wealth and refinement of the English peasant in the past. The truth is, such things only came into his possession because no one else wanted them; and such appreciation as the modern possessor has of their beauties dates only from yesterday, when the urgent inquiries of collectors have given to the ignorant very exaggerated notions of the value of their treasures.

So English oak fell out of sight. Only the finer and more massive specimens were allowed to stand in the old hall or chamber where perhaps they had originally been put together. As the century advanced French influence became more pronounced. In the early years of George the Third, Chippendale and his successors designed furniture of peculiar grace, and executed their conceptions with workmanship that has never been surpassed. Lovers of old oak, if any remained at that period, could not deny the excellence and convenience of the new fashion, surpassing the old in many essential respects; and it is only natural that the present revival of taste should have once more brought into prominence such admirable work. To what further perfection the Chippendale and Sheraton styles might have attained it is profitless to

inquire. The long war with France shut us out from the reception of fresh ideas from the Continent, and by fettering trade and swelling taxation closed the purses of citizens. A long winter of bad taste set in: a winter only broken by a tardy and uncertain spring in the middle of the present century. The awakening is even yet far from universal or thorough. The note was first sounded by the antiquary and the ecclesiologist, who pointed out the degradation which had overtaken our churches, and insisted upon the grace and fitness of mediæval models. The extension of their principles from the church to the house was easy and natural. When attention had once been called to the excellence of the old work, the inferiority of the new stood out in shocking prominence, and all who had artistic aspirations hastened to follow the better way.

Having sketched thus hastily the history of the development of old English furniture, we may now fill in, with a little more detail, the outlines which embrace the special period which has almost the only practical interest for the connoisseur of domestic carved oak. That period is, as we have said, the seventeenth century. We will examine the ordinary and extraordinary pieces of furniture which might have been seen in an English middle-class house of the time of James I., and during other Stewart reigns. It must be premised that all those which we are about to describe would hardly be found under any one roof, for the modern rage for stuffing our rooms with furniture and ornaments finds no precedent in the past.

In the first place, the walls of the living rooms and principal bedrooms in our typical house will probably be lined with small panels of plain oak, or wainscot, taking its name from the planks of thin wood originally used to form the sides of a wagon. If the

dwelling date back to Tudor times, the panels may be carved with the linen-fold or some similar pattern; it is not likely that they will be elaborately inlaid. Such rare and beautiful work as the panelling once in the inlaid room at Sizergh Castle, Westmoreland, and recently removed to the South Kensington Museum, must have been executed by foreign hands, and would only be seen in the mansions of the noble and wealthy. Above the fireplace we observe that the plain panelling of the walls is relieved by an elaborately carved overmantel, composed of recessed arches, flanked by grotesque figures. Magnificent examples of such overmantels may be seen in Stokesay Castle, Shropshire. Framed and panelled doors had, not long before the period of which we are treating, superseded the massive doors of thick oak planks, iron-bound and studded with huge nails, of less secure days. In the hall stands the great table, the "table dormant" of Chaucer's franklin. The boards and trestles of primitive times were doubtless still used wherever there was a recurring necessity to make a clear space; such tables were often fastened on one side to the wall with a hinge, so as to be turned back against the wall, as Shakespeare says:—

Come, musicians, play;  
A hall! a hall! give room, and foot it,  
girls;  
More light, you knaves; and turn the  
tables up.  
(*"Romeo and Juliet,"* act I., sc. v.)

But permanent tables were not unknown in very early times, as, for instance, on the dais of a baronial hall. At Penshurst there are large tables in the hall dating from the fourteenth century, and the long narrow tables in conventual refectories belonged to this class. The top of these large tables is commonly formed of a solid slab of

oak two or three inches thick; the framework is carved with a foliated pattern of conventional design; and the legs, which in the Elizabethan and preceding period had been of comparatively slender proportions, were now assuming the distended and gouty form to which the name of acorn-legs has been applied. When the custom of taking meals in the hall fell into disuse, a table was required which could be adapted in size to the number of diners. This end was effected by a very simple contrivance. Underneath the surface of the table were two leaves occupying together the entire space; when these were drawn out from each end the surface sank to the level originally occupied by the leaves, and the available space was thus doubled. The leaves were supported by runners drawn out of the framework of the table. These "drawing-tables" afforded examples of soundness and solidity of construction, in which the flimsy telescopic dining-table of to-day so conspicuously fails. Specimens of smaller Elizabethan and Jacobean tables may be seen in the communion tables, very common in churches not many years ago; their form is entirely domestic, the early Puritans refusing to tolerate any specially ecclesiastical features. Alongside the wall we may observe a small hexagonal or octagonal table, with deep framework, arched and carved, having a leaf half the size of the top and supported in the same way as the flaps of an ordinary eight-legged table. These latter, to which the name of gate-legged has been given, are not common before Charles II.'s reign. In the earlier specimens, which are greatly prized by collectors, the leaves are each supported by four legs, often spirally turned, making, together with the four which carry the framework, twelve.

Chairs will be found of a variety of patterns. Near the fire is a massive

arm-chair, with square back, boldly carved and surmounted by an undulating cornice having the initials of its first owner, and perhaps a date; but dates are only common towards the close of the century. The high-backed chairs, with a network of cane in the seats and backs, were introduced from France and Flanders. The finer examples were at first confined to the houses of the wealthy; but as the demand spread, and the execution became less elaborate, good specimens found their way into humbler homes, and by the time of William and Mary their use was very general. The dining-chairs, which began to supersede the humbler bench or stool about the reign of Charles I., are of the shape now known as Cromwellian. Square and solid, their seats and backs covered with pigskin, they may be met with here and there, still doing good service after an uninterrupted use of two hundred and fifty years. The legs are tied together by rails, and in the more ancient chairs these rails are close to the ground, both for greater strength and in order that the sitter may, by keeping his feet on the front rail, avoid the damp, rush-strewn floor. When floors were boarded and dry the latter necessity no longer existed, and the front rail was placed higher up. In the hall or in the entrance-lobby stands a settle, with straight back more or less elaborately carved, and perhaps with lockers below the seat. The bacon-settle of west-country farmhouses is a later variety. Here the back is carried up to a height of five or six feet, and forms a cupboard in which a gammon or hams might be kept near the fire. A peculiar form of settle, which belongs almost exclusively to western counties, is the table-chair, in which the back of the seat folds over, and, supported on the arms, forms a table; these were sometimes made in two or more divisions, so that the sitter may have a table at

his side. This ingenious contrivance has been copied by the modern antique-furniture maker, and such articles humorously dubbed *sedilia* or "monks' benches." Dinner-wagons are generally regarded as belonging to the mahogany age, but they were not unknown two hundred years ago, and were a development of the court-cupboard described below, the enclosed cupboard being omitted and its place supplied by a drawer under the middle shelf.

Up and down the house we shall see plenty of joint or joined stools, four-legged, and carved after the fashion of miniature tables. Little chairs and stools for children are occasionally met with. Good examples of the former, made after the model of the large square-backed chairs, may be seen at South Kensington. In one of the earliest London wills preserved in Somerset House, we find a curious bequest of these joint stools. Roger Elmesley, of London, a wax-chandler's servant, in 1434, bequeaths to his godchild Robert Sharp, "a litil Joyned stolle for a child, and a nother Joyned stolle, large for to sitte on, whanne he cometh to mannes state." The seats and backs of chairs and settles and the tops of stools were often stuffed, and covered with leather or pigskin; and from Charles I.'s reign we meet with low broad-seated chairs with claw legs, upholstered in the modern fashion, and covered with silk brocade or damask.

No articles of ancient domestic furniture are so common as oak chests, and every house above the rank of a cottage must have possessed several in the seventeenth century. We may assume that there are at least a dozen in the chambers and passages of our ideal house. It is not necessary to go very deeply into the history of these chests, arks, or coffers, as they are called in inventories and wills. Perhaps a lady's dress-trunk best recalls

the earliest type—the wicker baskets covered with hides, used by the Anglo-Saxons. In later times these portable chests were made of wood and bound with iron, having rings through which poles might be inserted for carriage, and were called “trussing-chests.” Wherever portability was not an object, heavy “standard” chests, strengthened with massive bands of wrought iron, were used. The arched top of some of these, cut out of the solid trunk of a tree, reminds us of the origin of the modern name. In the finer chests—and it is hardly necessary to add that these belong to the earlier part of the seventeenth century—the mouldings are deeply cut, the panels are recessed, arches and pilasters in relief give incident and shadow to the surface, and the intervening spaces are sometimes occupied by figures carved after Flemish models. The surface of the panels is often beautifully inlaid with pear, holly, and bog oak. The initials of the first owner and a date carved on the rail under the lid give additional value and interest to some of these fine old specimens. Besides the larger chests we may notice several smaller coffer, ranging down to the so-called deed or muniment boxes, of which the lid is sometimes sloped to form a writing-desk.

We may allot at least four cabinets to our old manor-house. Several distinct types were common in different parts of the country, alike beautiful in design and excellent in workmanship. On no part of the plenishing of the house were greater taste and skill expended. The earliest form of cabinet, introduced from Flanders, consisted of a large cupboard surmounted by a smaller and shallower one, standing a few inches back from the lower portion, the projecting cornice being commonly supported by heavy turned pillars. The whole of the panelled front is often carved or inlaid with light or

dark wood, ivory or mother-o'-pearl being also occasionally used, while grotesque figures flank the panels above and below. From this primitive type were developed several local varieties. In Wales and the border countries an upper story is added, somewhat after the fashion of the top of a kitchen-dresser, with shelves for dishes, and the whole is then known as a cupboard *tridarn*, or tripartite cupboard.

Court-cupboards are often mentioned in ancient inventories, and are referred to by Shakespeare:—

Away with the joint-stools,  
Remove the court-cupboard.  
("Romeo and Juliet," act I., sc. v.)

These differed from the ordinary cabinets in the construction of the upper portion; the dimensions of this were shortened by splaying off the corners, the centre panel retaining its original position, while the side panels slope away towards the back. These court or short cupboards are sometimes open below and supported by large acorn-shaped pillars. A fine inlaid specimen was sold in the Hallstone collection for a hundred guineas, and a very handsome example may be seen in Warwick Castle. Corner cupboards hardly belong to this period. They are almost invariably plain and uncarved, dating from the eighteenth century. Carved specimens, though common enough in the art furnisher's show-rooms, are extremely rare in the seventeenth century.

We will now ascend the broad oak staircase, admiring the massive carved newel posts, capped perhaps with the family badge in the form of a lion, griffin, or other heraldic monster, if the dignity of the house is high. An extremely fine staircase, and one of the least known, may be seen at Lordington, near Elmsworth, now a farmhouse. Another, more accessible and very well known, is at the Charter-

house in London, probably constructed when that building was the town house of the Duke of Norfolk. A third is at Cromwell House, Highgate, now a branch of the Hospital for Sick Children.

The draughty houses of our forefathers early necessitated some special protection for sleepers, and this was afforded, as we see in contemporary pictures and illuminated manuscripts, by an arrangement very similar to the modern Arabian or tent bedstead, the curtains being fastened to the ceiling of the room. When the advantage of having a bedstead which could be moved in any direction was recognized, the curtain rings were detached from the ceiling and fastened to an independent framework, which became the four-poster of our grandfathers. Inventories and wills of the sixteenth and following centuries contain frequent references to these "beddes of tymbre." In our old house we find one in each of the principal sleeping-rooms, but the most costly is reserved for the great guest-chamber. This is a splendid work of art, and eminently calculated to impress its occupier with the dignity of his surroundings. The band reproduces, with scarcely less elaboration of detail, the figures and carving of the overmantels down-stairs. There is a narrow shelf for books, and upon pressing a spring in one of the panels a secret cupboard is revealed. The tester, carved and panelled, is surrounded by a cornice, inlaid with lighter wood, from which a crimson silk valance and curtains hang. The posts are deeply carved, and broken, about the level of the bed, into four or five small pilasters, a construction which has given such bedsteads the name of twelve- or fourteen-posters. In the earlier examples the posts stand detached from the foot-board and bed. One of such ponderous structures was the bed of Henry VIII., described as

nearly eleven feet square, and of even larger dimensions was the Great Bed of Ware, to which Shakespeare refers in a well-known passage. Underneath the bed was often concealed a small couch for a servant, called a truckle or trundle bed, which could be drawn out at night. Thus we read of the trencher-chaplain sleeping

Upon the truckle-bed,  
While his young maister lieth o'er his  
head.  
(Bishop Hall, "Toothless Satires.")

and Hudibras is said to have

Roused the squire in truckle lolling.  
(*"Hudibras."*)

A cradle occupies a corner of the lady's bedroom—an heirloom in which the scions of the house are rocked for many generations. It has high carved sides, the initials of its first occupant and a date at the back, and the pent-house-shaped head forms a protection against draughts. Wardrobes or livery cupboards are not very common. They were usually made with two large panelled doors, the upper part of which alone is in most cases carved, and it is seldom that such work is other than plain and shallow. The ornate *armoires* of the Middle Ages had given place to a simpler style in this respect. No special peculiarity marks the tables and chairs which sparsely furnish these upper chambers; the modern practice of introducing the luxuries of a sitting-room into a bedroom was unknown in the seventeenth century.

Descending to the offices and out-houses, we shall find little to detain us long. Here all is of the plainest and simplest. One or two small square cupboards, such as may sometimes be picked up nowadays in the eastern counties, may be partially carved and inlaid, and we may meet with one of those beautiful little spice cupboards peculiar to the same part of England.



The ends of the kneading-trough may possibly be carved. In the still-room, besides the apparatus for distilling cordials, from which the name comes, stands a linen-press, somewhat resembling the presses now used by bookbinders, but this is probably a Flemish importation. We should search in vain for the finely carved oak and walnut with which such rooms abounded at a later period, when mahogany had squeezed them out of the parlor and hall.

The admirable construction of old English oak furniture is sufficiently attested by the examples which have withstood the wear and tear of so many years. Structural features, instead of being thrust out of sight, were made to contribute to the general effect. No stain was placed against the grain of the wood: this is the besetting sin of the Chippendale and later schools. Ties and bands were openly used wherever strength was specially needed, and the various members were securely brought together by mortise and tenon, and fastened by wooden pegs with very sparing use of the nail or glue-pot. The ornament is, as we have said, of Renaissance parentage: some of the patterns employed may even be traced back through Rome and Greece to an Egyptian origin; but the taste and skill of British workmen introduced many modifications of the types they had received from their Flemish instructors. Fruit, flowers, and leaves were copied from conventional designs. The vine is perhaps the commonest, but the sunflower, the tulip, the lily, the carnation, the marigold, all furnished inspiration. Men and animals were attempted with less success. A recent writer on the subject, in a fanciful passage which would gladden the heart of Mr. Ruskin, supposes that the village carpenter, in carving a chest, took for his model some wild flower growing by his workshop, and translated

it into the highly conventional form which we now see. It is hardly necessary to declare that such an artistic feat is beyond the power of any untaught village carpenter, not a genius, in this or any other age. We may assume that books of patterns were passed from hand to hand, and each locality developed its own special peculiarities in design and composition. Perhaps the best work of all is found—as, from their nearness to the Continent, we should expect to find it—in the eastern counties. There the carving is often of such beauty and refinement that we hesitate to attribute it to native hands. Excellent examples are also seen in the fine timber houses of Cheshire and Lancashire, and many remain in Staffordshire; a special feature of all this district is the very frequent use of the vine and grapes in decoration. In Yorkshire and Derbyshire are many worthy specimens, but the execution is sometimes rough and the ornament coarse. The midland counties can boast of no particular excellence, and in London and places to which the magnetism of London extended, old carved oak was long ago almost wholly swept away by the tide of fashion. In Kent little carved work is to be found, its place being taken by deeply recessed mouldings, and turned spindles or rails split and glued on the surface of furniture, of which the panels are often richly inlaid with ivory and mother-o'-pearl.

In Sussex and the southern counties generally carved oak is no longer abundant, but the Sussex incised work has gained some reputation. In Somerset, the coarse work found in Sedgemoor and other remote districts grows in refinement as we approach the borders of Devonshire, and even before the boundary is crossed we may meet with work rivalling the productions of the eastern counties. There must have been a school of wood-carvers in Devonshire



in the earlier part of the seventeenth century of singular skill and artistic capacity, recalling by their mastery over their material their predecessors one hundred and fifty years earlier, who fashioned the rood-screens and bench-ends of the West.

It need hardly be said that these scattered relics of the past come nowhere near supplying the modern demand for old carved oak. But the astute manufacturer has proved himself fully equal to the occasion. From all quarters he levies contributions; no material comes amiss to him:—

Jove's oak, the warlike ash, veyn'd  
elm, the softer beech,  
Short hazell, maple plain, light aspe,  
the bending wych,  
Tough holly, and smooth birch, supply  
the *forger's* turn.

(Fuller.)

By far the larger part of the supply is obtained from the factories in Belgium. From the workshops of Malines and other places large quantities are constantly imported into this country. The oak used, less close-grained and softer than the English variety, is by the help of machinery and cheap labor readily covered with a mass of carving, copied mainly from old Flemish models. The result is effective enough in the eyes of the uninstructed, but an abomination to the connoisseur, by reason of spiritless and mechanical workmanship, faulty construction, and meretricious ornament. To add to his exasperation, the forms follow all the modern development of furniture—even down to the umbrella-stand and the coal-box; while the wood itself is an eyesore to those who compare it with good native oak.

A far less innocent source of the pseudo-antique springs from the destruction—the word is now generally recognized in this connection as synonymous with “restoration”—of our ancient churches. What havoc has

been wrought in mediæval woodwork let the sideboards and cabinets “faked up” out of screens and bench-ends faintly tell. “You see, sir,” as a dealer in such wares once explained to the writer, “we get them out of the old churches when they restore them!” An insidious clause, common in the contracts made on such occasions, to the effect that all old materials are to become the property of the contractor, is responsible for much of the mischief. The old woodwork has to be temporarily removed; unsuspected decay and dilapidations are revealed; to repair and replace would be expensive. “We kept one or two old bench-ends,” says the vicar afterwards, proudly showing his church to the stranger, “but the rest were too far gone, and it was quite impossible to do anything with the rood-screen.” Meanwhile the furniture-vamper from the neighboring town has taken sweet counsel with the builder; and while fifteenth-century cabinets and impossible buffets are being pushed forward in the purchaser’s workshop, the “restoration” committee are entertaining the bishop at the re-opening of the church, and bandying mutual congratulations on the “conservative restoration” so happily effected. An antiquary had been examining a church in the West of England a few years ago, and, meeting the vicar in the churchyard, congratulated him upon the possession of some very finely carved bench-ends. The vicar, who disclaimed any special knowledge of such matters, replied: “I always admired those bench-ends, and thought it would have been a pity to take them away.” “Take them away!” cried the scandalized antiquary, “why, who ever thought of such a thing?” “Well,” said the vicar, “when the church was restored the architect scanted to clear them all off!”

In default of the much-coveted church oak, supplies are largely drawn

from farmhouses and cottages. Furniture which has been relegated to the yard or outhouse, doing duty as a corn-chest or rabbit-hutch, is altered, vamped up, carved, stained, and sold for a number of guineas exceeding that of the shillings paid to the late owner for his bargain. Descending a stage lower in the scale of shams, we find the stuff which is a fraud, lock, stock, and barrel, a forgery, more or less cunning, from ancient models, marked with a more or less plausible date. Worm-holes are artfully counterfeited; indeed we hear that the "worm-eater," as he is called, now takes his recognized place in the hierarchy of the antique-furniture trade. Holes made by screws are covered by rusty old nail-heads, acids are used to eat away the surface in places, or to give the required tone to the coloring, sharp edges of carving are rubbed down with a wire brush, and made less prominent by the application of clay and other substances. Different devices are peculiar to different parts of the country; the practised eye can often detect the very district from which a forgery has emanated.

Nothing but experience will teach the amateur to avoid such pitfalls, but one or two warnings may be of service to him. Let him shun Wardour Street *in toto*. In purchasing let him consider, in the first place, the question of price. If a comparatively small sum be demanded for work which is, as the carvers say, very "busy," he may presume that it is genuine. The price would not pay the forger. Let him make particular inquiries as to the *provenance* of his contemplated purchase, and follow them up by independent investigation. Let him get, if possible, a written warranty from the vendor. It is,

it must be confessed, highly improbable that a dealer will indulge him so far: that worthy's leanings are altogether on the side of oral recommendations and assurances. But the absence of such warranty was recently held to be fatal to the plaintiff's claim in a very gross case of misrepresentation.

The prudent amateur will subject his proposed purchase to a careful and patient scrutiny, to see whether it is harmonious in style and construction. The forger's ignorance of the history of ornament is often the cause of his unmasking. Unless his work is a slavish copy of an ancient model he is almost sure to be betrayed into some solecism. English and foreign forms will often be confused, and a date placed on work which belongs to another period. The marks of the tools employed should be examined; modern work can sometimes be distinguished from ancient by the different size of the indentations made by the punches on adjacent surfaces. Weight is sometimes a touchstone of genuineness: counterfeits are commonly made of some wood lighter than old English oak.

Thus, through many mistakes and failures, often disappointed, often victimized, the collector will slowly gather his experience, replacing piece by piece his modern possessions with genuine furniture of Jacobean, Cromwellian, or later date; not, it must be confessed, without the occasional sacrifice of some practical convenience, and the risk of incurring some unpopularity in his family circle. Let us hope that these will be outweighed by his satisfaction in contemplating, in these days of pretension and unreality, good material, treated in honest and workmanlike fashion.

## IN VIENNA, IN THE MAD YEAR '48.

There was a strange scene in the Hofburg one March day, in that maddest of all mad years, '48. The Habsburgs were assembled, archdukes and archduchesses without end, in the Emperor Ferdinand's private apartment, taking counsel together, for they were in sore distress. The news had just reached them that King Louis Philippe had fled from the Tuilleries, and that in half the cities of Europe there was the clash of arms. Nay, there were signs of unrest even in Vienna, as they could see for themselves from the palace windows—the streets were crowded, and with men who, as a glance at their faces showed, were not on pleasure bent. Evidently the world was at length waking up from its long sleep; it behooved the Habsburgs, therefore, to bestir themselves, if the old state of things they so dearly loved was not to pass away.

The poor old Emperor, with his weak, kindly ways, and his head that was always on the shake, was present at this family conclave, with the Empress by his side, almost as weak and almost as kindly as himself. Opposite him sat his brother, the Archduke Ludwig, who was more hated in Austria than all the other Habsburgs put together. Had he but lived in mediæval days, he might perhaps have won for himself a place among the saints or the martyrs; but, in this nineteenth century, with his ruthlessness, his fierce hatred of everything that smacks of change, he was an anachronism, and as such met, of course, with but scant appreciation. He was virtually the regent of the Empire, he and Prince Metternich dividing all power between them. His elder brother, the Archduke Franz Karl, was also at the council, but only as a matter of form; for, although heir to the

crown,—the Emperor was childless—he was a personage of no importance. Both Prince Ludwig and Metternich were known to entertain for him the most unmitigated contempt; indeed, they would as soon have thought of flying as of paying heed to anything he might say. But their scorn of him was as nothing to their hatred of his wife, the Archduchess Sophie, "the only man in the family," as Count Beust used to call her. She was, in their eyes, the very incarnation of all that was dangerous; and they would have given their finger ends gladly to be able to exclude her from their conclave. For she was a clever, clear-sighted, keen-witted woman, who had no patience with their antediluvian ways, and cared not one whit for family traditions. It drove her wild to think that the interests of her son, Franz Josef, whom she idolized, were being sacrificed, that the crown that should come to him one day—it did come to him before long, and he wears it still—was being risked, and all for fear of offending dead and gone Habsburgs. Better grant fifty constitutions, she told her relatives roundly, than lose a crown. Whereupon glances of unconcealed mistrust were exchanged, and a whisper of "*Philippe d'Egalité*" went round.

The Archduke John alone, he who was the Emperor's uncle, took up his stand by her side, and declared stoutly that she was in the right: if the Austrian crown were to be saved, concessions must be made and at once. The Archduke John was known in those days as the "White Raven," because he was a Habsburg democrat. He had married the daughter of an innkeeper, and had forced the world, practically at the point of the sword, to treat her

with the honor due to his wife. It was he and the Princess Sophie against the whole Habsburg clan that day. They two strove with heart and soul to awaken any glimmering of common sense their relatives might have, to make them understand that it was sheer madness to try to run counter to the wishes of a whole land. It was impossible to keep Austria in thralldom, they declared, now that every petty dukedom had its constitution. They argued and pleaded, threatened and entreated, but, for any good they did, they might just as well have been fast asleep in their beds. Prince Metternich listened to them with a gentle, deprecative smile, shaking his head sorrowfully from time to time, as if to say, How can Habsburgs be so misguided? As for the Archduke Ludwig, he told them bluntly they were renegades. "Make concessions, indeed," he cried angrily, "not while I am alive. As things are, so they must remain," he declared, and "as things are, so they must remain," was caught up on all sides.

At length the Archduchess appealed to the Emperor, beseeching him to think of her boy, and for his sake to yield to the popular demands. Then, for a moment, there was keen anxiety even on Metternich's well-trained face, for the old man was evidently touched by what she said; nay, it almost seemed as if he would fain do what she wished. But Prince Louis sprang to his feet and in a voice of thunder bade him think of his dead brother, the Emperor Franz, of ever blessed memory. The Emperor Franz, when on his deathbed, he said, had summoned him and made him swear never to allow the Austrian crown to be despoiled of one jot or tittle of its prerogative. This

Ludwig might have been some prophet of old sent to curse a degenerate, weak-kneed generation, so stern and ruthless did he look as he stood there, with up-raised arm, calling on heaven to bear him witness that he would keep his oath, that he would stand by the traditions of his forefathers, and defend to the death the power they had won. The old Emperor cowed before him in fear as he spoke, and the Archduchess gave up the struggle in despair. She rushed from the room, crying as she went, "*Man will also meinem Sohne das Schicksal des Herzogs von Bordeaux bereiten!*"<sup>1</sup> Prince Ludwig and Metternich could then, of course, arrange affairs in their own way; and before many minutes had passed, it was decided that, come what would, in Vienna there should be none of that weak yielding to the populace that was going on elsewhere. The Habsburgs ruled by divine right, and the people must be taught that to even speak of a constitution smacked of blasphemy.

Just when this point was settled a curious little episode occurred. The Emperor suddenly raised his head, and looking first at Ludwig and then at Metternich, remarked sharply, "*Ich lass' nit schiessen.*"<sup>2</sup> The company glanced at one another in amazement, for he spoke as he had never spoken before; there was quite a determined ring in his voice. And he repeated the words again and again. "Do as you like," he said in reply to some remonstrance, "manage affairs in your own way, only, now remember, I'll have no shooting." When the Viennese heard of his words they dubbed him, "I'll-have-no-shooting Ferdinand," and from that day, whenever he appeared among them, they cheered him, poor, feeble-

<sup>1</sup> "So you are bent on preparing also for my son the Duke of Bordeaux's fate."

<sup>2</sup> "I'll have no shooting"—following an ex-

ample set by Charles X. eighteen years previously in Paris.

brained creature though he were, as no Habsburg had ever been cheered before.

The Austrians are an easy-going race, one that objects to doing things in a hurry; therefore, although already, in February, they had firmly made up their minds that they, as their neighbors, would have a constitution, it was not until the 6th of March that they did anything towards obtaining one, beyond assembling in the streets. On that day, however, the Gewerbeverein, an association of rich bourgeois, drew up a petition to the Emperor, praying him to grant certain reforms with a view to securing the better government of the nation. The men who signed this petition were all what in England would be called staunch Conservatives: they were firm supporters of law and order, and prided themselves on their loyalty. It was Metternich's mismanagement of public affairs, quite as much as his tyranny, that induced them to turn against his government. Austria was the worst governed state in Europe in those days; all classes were at the mercy of the secret police, who worried and harried them without rhyme or reason, spying upon them, and hemming them in on all sides with absurd regulations. No sooner was it known that the Gewerbeverein had appealed to the Emperor for reforms, than all the other associations in the country decided to do precisely the same thing. For days the Hofburg was inundated with petitions; deputation followed deputation, and the corridors leading to the Emperor's apartments were thronged with all sorts and conditions of men seeking audiences. In vain Prince Ludwig sought to bar the way, declaring that his Majesty was ill, much too ill to be troubled with petitions; the Archduchess Sophie was always on the alert to outwit him, and, do what he would, all comers were received, with kindly gracious words too.

Meanwhile the Viennese stood round the Hofburg in serried masses night and day, cheering the Emperor to the echo, and hurling curses at Metternich. Every man in that huge crowd was firmly convinced that it was Metternich, and Metternich alone, that stood between the people and the reforms on which their hearts were set. The Emperor would grant them and gladly, of that they had never a doubt, were it not that his all-powerful minister held his hand. It was a case of "Metternich: voilà l'ennemi!" all round: never was there a man so hated and feared. To this day an ugly look comes into the eyes of those who were in Vienna in '48, whenever they hear his name mentioned. At length the demonstrations against him became so fierce that his wife, one of the brightest, wittiest, and most beautiful women in Austria, took alarm. She had no wish to see her husband lynched, and therefore set to work, in her own eminently piquant fashion, to make peace between him and his angry fellow-citizens. She sent for Count Montecukoli, the President of the Landtag, who was one of the leaders of the Reform Party, and locked him and Metternich up in a room together, swearing that she would not open the door until they had drawn up a proclamation of some sort or other that would content the people, and induce them to go to their homes in peace. She had her proclamation before nightfall, with the imperial signature attached, but the people received it with scorn; for they looked on it as a mere trick on Metternich's part, especially as, although it promised reforms, it contained no mention of a constitution.

On the following morning—it was March 13th—the streets were more crowded than ever before, and the people were more angry; for they had in their hands, and for the first time, Kossuth's famous denunciation of

Prince Metternich, and reading its fierce, bitter eloquence was like drinking strong wine. It had given them catchwords, of which they had heretofore stood sorely in need; it had provided them, too, with a program. They no longer clamored vaguely for reforms; what they demanded now was a constitution, responsible ministers, freedom of conscience, freedom of the press, and above all the dismissal of Metternich. Metternich must go, and at once, they swore; no constitution would be worth the paper on which it was written, so long as he was in power. They forced their way into the Landtag, insisting that its President should go to the Emperor, and beg him, in their name, to dismiss his chief minister that very day. Count Montecukoli accepted the mission nothing loth; but when he presented himself at the Hofburg, with an escort some thousands strong, the door was barred. As he stood there holding parley with the officials, the sound of a shot was heard: strong men turned pale and held their breath. Then a cry of "The soldiers are firing on the people," rang through the air, followed by a shout—nay, it was more like the roar of wild beasts than the shout of human beings. There was a rush: every man was bent on being to the fore in the fight; for they who, but a moment before, had been peace-loving citizens, or pleasure-seeking students, had now no thought beyond vengeance.

It was near the Landtag that the first shot was fired, fired of course by misadventure—it was the old, old story. The soldiers had tried to clear a way for themselves, whereupon the crowd had hooted them, with the result that some one or other had lost his head and touched a trigger. Then the Archduke Albrecht, who was in command of the troops, received a blow from a piece of wood thrown from a window; and he, too, lost either his head or his

temper, for, in utter recklessness, he gave the order to fire, and five men fell dead—one of them a venerable looking old gentleman with long white hair! The wrath of the people that had been pent up for years burst forth, and for every blow they received they gave back ten. Barricades sprang up on all sides as if by magic, and on them fought, side by side, rich and poor, old and young, gray-haired merchants, students fresh from school, factory hands, learned professors, and artistes of all kinds. The whole population was up in arms.

In the Hofburg the news of the conflict was received at first with unconcealed delight. The Viennese had long stood in need of a lesson, the courtiers remarked, and now they were going to receive it. Even Metternich, who ought to have known better, shrugged his shoulders with a smile when he was told there was fighting in the streets, and declined discussing the matter on the score that it was not in his department. But before long disquieting rumors began to arrive: some of the soldiers, it seems, were on much too good terms with the populace. One regiment had thrown away their cartridges; another had turned a deaf ear when the Archduke Maximilian—the most idiotic of all Count Beust's "idiot archdukes"—had ordered them to fire. When this became known smiles yielded place to anxious glances, and consternation was to be seen even on archducal faces. If the army proved a broken reed, on whom could the Court rely? Prince Ludwig and Metternich however, stood their ground firmly; and put aside with lofty scorn Prince John's suggestion, that even then, late in the day though it were, concessions should be made. They had taken the precaution to lodge the Emperor in an inner room, far away from the tumult; and they received in his name the various deputations that presented them-



selves. There were deputations from the University, from the Municipal authorities, from the Civic Guard, and from every corporate body in the city, in fact, and they all came with the same tale: they all denounced the firing on the people as at once a crime and a blunder, and they all insisted on the instant dismissal of Metternich. So long as he was at the head of affairs there was no hope of peace or order in the city.

"It is for the citizens to see that order is restored," Prince Ludwig informed them haughtily. "And let me hear no more about concessions," he added. "Not one shall be granted."

"In that case there is no use in our remaining here," one of the city deputies remarked sturdily; and he would have left the building had not the Archduke John, who was striving in vain to make all parties listen to reason, detained him almost by force.

The commander of the Civic Guards was told he must co-operate with the military in restoring order, but he promptly refused; his guards would not co-operate with men who had fired on the people.

"Then you and your guards are rebels," cried the Archduke Maximilian, "and we will shoot you down." He glanced around for applause as he spoke, but met with nothing but scowls, for he was touching on dangerous ground. Both Ludwig and Metternich knew that they could not keep the Emperor much longer in ignorance of what was passing—the Archduchess Sophie would take good care of that—and when once he realized the true state of things, not another shot would be fired. Of that they were fully aware; and, to make matters worse, the people outside were aware of it too.

Meanwhile, the excitement among the crowd around the palace was increasing from moment to moment. As the courtiers looked down on that

sea of angry faces, their hearts began to quake in the most uncomfortable fashion, for they thought of certain tragic scenes that had once occurred in Paris. There was an ominous sound, too, they thought, about the fierce cry of "*Metternich muss abdanken*," that they heard on every side; for had not the Archduchess Sophie been telling them for days that Metternich would certainly prove their ruin? "*Metternich muss abdanken*." The very firmament rang with the words, uttered as they were by thousands of voices hoarse with passion. The cry rose louder and louder; why, it shook the very window of the room in which Metternich was sitting, with the archdukes; and he smiled when he heard it, for it sounded in his ears absurd. Nothing was further from his thoughts than to resign; he had ruled Austria for thirty years, and would rule it to his life's end. But—those with whom he had to act had neither his courage nor his nerve; as if in answer to that smile of his, some one—sent, it is said, by the Archduchess Sophie—opened the council chamber door softly, and whispered, "*Metternich muss abdanken*," and the courtiers in the ante-chamber repeated the words quite eagerly. Had a thunderbolt fallen at the Chancellor's feet he would not have looked more startled. He gave but one glance at Prince Ludwig. It was enough; in his face he read his own fate. He was to play the rôle of a scapegoat, was he? Well, he would at least play it in true grand seigneur style. In an instant he was on his feet, explaining with much quiet dignity that, if by resigning his office he could in any way contribute to the restoration of peace, he would resign it, and gladly. No one spoke; no one had for him a word of sympathy; he went on his way without even a parting greeting. Luckily for him he had a wife who was both resource-

<sup>1</sup> "*Metternich must resign*."

ful and brave, otherwise he would hardly have escaped from Vienna with his life.

The news that Metternich had resigned spread like wildfire through the city, and was hailed with delight. Within an hour Vienna was one blaze of light—the poorest attic had a candle in its window—and nothing but words of joy and thanksgiving were to be heard. Now that the hated minister had fallen, all would be well; that was a point on which the Viennese had never a doubt. They, as other nations, would have a constitution, and would be allowed to manage their affairs in their own way. Now that their old enemy was gone, the Emperor, they were sure, would refuse them none of these things they desired; and they passed the night singing his praises, proclaiming his virtues from the very housetops.

Unfortunately, although Metternich was gone, Ludwig remained, sullen and undaunted, and after a good night's sleep, archdukes and courtiers alike felt courageous enough to face another fight. Just when the demonstrations of loyalty were at their height, it was announced that the Emperor had appointed Prince Windischgrätz supreme governor of the city. An hour later there was posted up a proclamation, signed by Windischgrätz, declaring Vienna in a state of siege! It was greeted with an outburst of popular indignation such as had never been witnessed before in the city. The people felt that they had been tricked, imposed upon, and back they rushed to their barricades without the loss of a moment. They thronged around the Hofburg again, beating on the door, demanding to see the Emperor.

A family council assembled in haste. The archdukes, with Ludwig at their head, insisted that Windischgrätz must be given a free hand to clear the streets in his own way. It was the one thing

to be done, they maintained; but, as it happened, it was the one thing the Emperor would not allow to be done. Sorely troubled and worried though he was—his head felt like a windmill, he declared—nothing they could say or do could induce him to allow a single shot to be fired. In vain they by turns cajoled and threatened him; conjured up the ghost of his sainted brother, the dead Franz; swore that he was bringing ruin not only on them, but on Austria. His answer was always the same: "*Ich lass' nit schiessen*;" and if you do fire, I will go right away at once." With such a degenerate Habsburg as this to deal with, to coerce the people was clearly out of the question; even Prince Ludwig was forced to confess that concessions must be made. An Imperial decree was issued, in which a promise was given that a national assembly should be summoned to arrange the affairs of the empire. But the people had learnt a lesson; they were no longer to be put off with promises; until they had their constitution there should be no laying down of arms, they swore. And wilder and wilder waxed the uproar; at any moment the Hofburg might be stormed. At length—it was a council of despair—it was decided that an attempt should be made to turn the Emperor's popularity to account. For days the Viennese had been clamoring to see their sovereign, and there was just the chance—so, at least, the archdukes argued—that if they were allowed to see him, they might, out of regard for him, for he was much beloved, moderate their demands—content themselves, in fact, with administrative reforms instead of a constitution. On the morning of the 15th—just forty-eight hours after the first barricade had been raised—the Emperor was sent to drive through the city in an open carriage. The populace welcomed him with enthusiasm. They kissed the very horses that drew him,

may, even his carriage wheels, in their gratitude to him for coming among them, and thus showing how he trusted them. Wherever he went he was greeted with cries of "*Vivat unser konstitutioneller Kaiser;*" "*Vivat unser Ferdinand der nit schiessen lässt.*"

The old man was delighted; he lavished kindly words, smiles, and greetings on all sides; and no sooner was he in the Hofburg again, than, to the dismay of his court, he announced that "*ein so gutes Volk, welches ihn so sehr liebe, müsse, halt auch die verlangte Konstitution haben.*"<sup>4</sup> They must have it, too, that very day, he insisted; the decree granting the constitution must be drawn up there and then. And it was drawn up, for the Princess Sophie was at hand to prevent delay; and he signed at once, pushing aside quite angrily those who would have stayed his hand.

"Am I, or am I not, Emperor?" he demanded with a touch of the old Habsburg spirit, in reply to a suggestion that the decree should be submitted to a family council.

That night all Vienna came with flaming torches, flying flags and bands of music to render him thanks; and he stood on the Hofburg balcony to receive them, to listen to their demonstrations of love and devotion. They were as men mad with joy and gratitude, for all their troubles were, as they thought, at an end. As for the Emperor, it was, as he told them, the happiest day in his life, this on which, by his own act, he had transformed himself from an autocrat into a constitutional ruler. Well might his brother Ludwig shake the dust of Vienna from off his feet and retire into the country.

For days, nay, weeks, the Viennese gave themselves up to rejoicing, to rev-

elling in their new-born freedom; *fête* followed *fête*; demonstration, demonstration; it was as if an eternal carnival had been proclaimed. When the first of May came round—always a great day in that part of the world—they went to the Prater in procession, as one great family, with their Emperor at their head, as enthusiastic in their loyalty as on the day they had received their constitution. A careful observer might, however, have detected even then signs of danger ahead. For instance there was a sorely-troubled, anxious look on the face of the Archduchess Sophie, in spite of the cheers with which she was greeted, as she drove in the Emperor's carriage. Some of the older men in the crowd, too, seemed careworn and worried; while the students were evidently bubbling over with excitement. The truth of the matter was that, although the majority chose to shut their eyes to the fact, things were terribly out of gear in the country.

Metternich had left the exchequer empty, of course—it was its normal condition; the administration was disorganized; public affairs were in a state of hopeless confusion; and business was at a standstill. Something beyond the singing of hymns to liberty and the dreaming of beautiful dreams, is needed to insure commercial prosperity. If financial ruin were to be averted, a strong man must be found to take in hand the management of affairs—one with a clear head and plenty of sound practical common-sense. But unluckily, in '48, there was a dearth of strong practical men in Austria; although geniuses with all sorts of sense but common-sense, all sorts of virtues and talents, were as plentiful as blackberries in October. The first responsible ministry was made up of nonentities; and the government of the country was practically in the hands of three committees, one appointed by the

<sup>4</sup> "So good a people, one that loved him so well, must really have this constitution for which they were hankering."

Municipality, another by the National Guard, and the third by the students. These committees worked night and day, and all that they could do they certainly did to make things go smoothly; but they were at best but amateurs in the art of ruling, and the social and economic problems with which they were called upon to grapple, were too hard for them. Besides they were beset with difficulties of all kinds. There was terrible distress among the working classes; thousands were on the verge of starvation, clamoring for bread, clamoring for higher wages, for shorter hours of labor; and the rich bourgeois, as they listened to them, lost much of their love of freedom in their fear lest they should be called upon to help to support their poorer brethren. The terrible nationality question, too, was again to the fore; Prague was jealous of Vienna, so was Lemberg, and so were all the other provincial towns. The Czechs declared that they would rather have no constitution at all than one that gave power to the Germans; while quite a fair number, both of Germans and Slavs, seemed to think that liberty and equality were things not worth having, if they must share them with the Jew. Then the priests to a man had declared against the new *régime*, and were trying their best to turn the women against it, too, by playing upon their superstition, depicting to them attempts to limit a sovereign's power as sacrilege. To make matters worse, the Court party, Metternich's old friends and admirers, who had recovered all their old audacity, were hard at work, through their secret agents, stirring up suspicion on all sides, and trying to set class against class. Meanwhile, the Tsar Nicholas was assembling an army with the intention, as it was supposed, of marching on Vienna.

It was not until early in May that the Viennese, as apart from their leaders,

began to realize the dangers by which they were surrounded. By this time the labor movement had assumed a threatening aspect; the workers were making preparations for a huge demonstration with a view to bringing home to their fellow-citizens their distress. This demonstration the government determined to prevent, and they called upon the Students' Legion and the National Guard to help them in so doing. The students refused; whereupon the Government announced that their legion should be dissolved, and that the committees should no longer be allowed a voice in the management of public affairs. But the great majority of the Viennese—the workers to a man—espoused the cause of the students; and demanded the recall of the decrees against them, as well as certain other concessions. As it happened, they had for days before been cherishing a grudge against the ministers, owing to their disappointment in the constitution that had just been published, and which they vowed they would not have at any price. This constitution—it was Count Pillersdorff's work—was certainly the reverse of democratic; for not only did it require the Reichstag that was to be summoned to be elected on a limited franchise, but it vested the chief power in the State not in the Reichstag, but in a House of Peers, an assembly exempt from popular control. It is significant that even in the first flush of their disappointment at the lines on which this long-awaited-for document was drawn up, not a word of reproach did the people levy against their Emperor; it was for his ministers that their wrath was reserved, especially for Count Ficquelmont, who was suspected of being in league with the Court party. They forced him—the students taking the lead in the matter—by dint of making what they called *Katzenmusik* before his house at night, to resign his office; and then set

to work to force his colleagues to withdraw the constitution. The first Reichstag, they insisted, must be a constituent assembly elected by universal suffrage.

It was the students who first formulated this demand; and when the ministers refused to grant it, it was they who, on May 13th, led the mob to the Hofburg. Once again disorder reigned; but not for long this time. Within twenty-four hours the ministers had yielded; had promised in the Emperor's name that a Reichstag elected by the people themselves should draw up the constitution. Then the Viennese promptly took to cheering their ruler again, with all their old enthusiasm; and they illuminated the city for the third time, donning their rose-colored spectacles the while. This Reichstag, which was to meet at once, would of course put an end to all troubles—labor troubles included—and free them from all their cares. Their rejoicings, however, were speedily brought to an end: the very next morning, indeed, the most thorough-going optimists among them were wandering about wringing their hands: for the Emperor was no longer in the Hofburg. He had fled from their midst without saying a word, even to his ministers; and with him had gone the Empress, the Princess Sophie and the Archduke Franz Karl.

To this day it is a disputed point whether the Emperor did, or did not, leave Vienna of his own free will. The Court party, with Count Bombelles at their head, had already, on the 13th, made up their minds that go he should; for they were determined that he should rescind the decree by which it was ordained that the Reichstag should be a constituent assembly; and this they knew he would never do so long as he was within hail of his much-loved Viennese. From the moment the decree was issued, they had talked to

him persistently of Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette, and had even rattled firearms outside his door so that he might think the mob was in the corridor thirsting for his blood! Still, it seems probable that, at the last moment, they had to have recourse to stratagem to induce him to go; for when he was well on his way to Innsbruck, he was heard to remark on the length of the drive he was being taken, and to wonder when they would be back in Vienna. The Archduchess Sophie might, if she but would, have prevented this disastrous flight; but unfortunately she had lost her old faith in the Reform party; a sort of Camarilla had gathered around her, and had made her believe that what the Viennese were aiming at was not a constitutional monarchy, but a republic. They had played on her feelings as a mother, convincing her that a constituent assembly would make short work of the claims of her son on the crown.

The Emperor remained at Innsbruck for nearly three months, and a miserable time it was both for him and the whole Court. He, poor man, wandered about mourning aloud over his lost Viennese and their doings; for the thought that they had proved ungrateful—he was assured they had proclaimed a republic—that they had turned against him when his one desire was to make them happy, cut him to the quick. The Princess Sophie was even more unhappy than he, for she blamed herself for what had occurred and was in despair as to the future. Besides, Franz Josef was in Italy fighting under Radetzky, and she was haunted by the fear lest evil should befall him. The nobles too, with whom Innsbruck was soon thronged, had their griefs and grievances. For one thing, they were angry with the Emperor because he refused to withdraw the constitution, and insisted on the Reichstag elections being held; for another, they were rag-



ing against the Czechs, who, instead of fighting for them their battles, had thrown all their plans out of gear by trying to found a Slav empire. Then they were terribly disappointed at the course events were taking in Vienna. They had never doubted but that, as soon as the Emperor had quitted the city, anarchy would prevail; and instead of that every messenger that came brought the news that law and order reigned supreme. The Viennese had far too much good sense to play into the hands of their enemies, who, as they knew, would be only too glad of a pretext for bombarding their city.

No sooner was it known that the Court had fled, than all classes rallied round the ministers, assuring them that, if they would carry on the government in the Emperor's name as usual, they themselves would see that law was upheld and order maintained. The workers sent word to the authorities that, although they wished for liberty, they had no taste for anarchy, and that they would take good care there was no plundering. They kept their word, too. They banded themselves together and went about from house to house helping those who had precious things to store them away in safe places; and while so doing, although many of them were almost starving, not one, so far as is known, helped himself even to a crust of bread. Nor was this all. They went to the editors of certain seditious journals and bade them change their tone, otherwise they would burn their papers. They treated in much the same fashion, too, orators who indulged in violent language; and once, when they caught a man speaking in praise of a republic, they promptly led him off to prison, and strongly recommended the authorities to have him hanged. Never before indeed, not even in Metternich's day, had such stern measure been dealt out to se-

dition-mongers. With the working classes in this frame of mind, the task of maintaining order was an easy one. There were a few days of confusion. It is true, when the government tried to close the university and disband the Legion, but as the mass of the population—all the women and the workers—rallied again round the students, the ministers withdrew from the struggle, and peace was restored.

This happy state of things was of course gall and wormwood to the reactionaries at Innspruck; and their rage knew no bounds when they learned that the Corpus Christi procession had been held as usual in Vienna, and that the Emperor's *fête* day had been celebrated not only with all due observance, but with much loyal enthusiasm. Meanwhile the Viennese had sent messenger after messenger to tell the Emperor how sorely they missed him, and to entreat him to return to them. Most of them were turned away from the palace door, but the few who succeeded in making their way to his Majesty were received kindly, if somewhat reproachfully. It was his keen desire to return to Vienna, he told them, and he would return before long. In July, when the Reichstag met, he sent the most popular of his relatives, John the Democrat, to open it for him. The archduke was received with open arms, and well it would have been for Austria had he been able to stay; but he was forced to hasten off to Frankfurt, for an attempt was being made to reorganize the old German empire, and he had been chosen Reichsweser. At length on August 12th it became known that the Emperor was on his way to Vienna, and the whole population turned out to bid him welcome. They cheered him just as heartily as in the old days; for, in their delight at seeing him once more among them, they forgot all their grievances, remembering only that he had stood their



friend when those around him had wished to shoot them down.

'Forty-eight was the mad year in Vienna, and the maddest months in the whole year were the three that followed the Emperor's return. A shrewd observer who chanced to be in the city at this time, inquired of one of the natives whom he met: "Have I by chance strayed into a lunatic asylum? Or is it that you are holding a masquerade in the open air?" And well might he ask, for the state of things was most extraordinary. A clever if slightly irreverent caricaturist hit it off to the life, in a little sketch he made, in which the Divinity is depicted as looking down from the clouds with a perplexed countenance on Vienna, and saying sorrowfully: "*Ich bin zwar bekanntlich allwissend; was aber die Wiener jetzt wollen, weiss ich wahrhaftig nicht.*"

The whole people, they who had theretofore conducted themselves in so exemplary a fashion, were demoralized. This was the result partly, no doubt, of the unrest in which they had been living for months; and partly of the fact that they had no leader in whom they had implicit faith. They knew that they were hemmed in by dangers on all sides, and, in their despair of being able to escape from them, they lost their heads completely; and, with the best intentions in the world, committed blunder after blunder. The Emperor had brought back with him the chief members of the Court party; and no sooner were they in the city, than, in conjunction with the Jesuits, they began their old intrigues again; for they were bent at any cost on creating disturbances, so as to have a pretext for ridding themselves of this constitution they so hated. Their task was the more easy as the workers were by this time

at the end of their patience; they were tired of waiting for the good days that were always just going to come but never came. When the ministers reduced the wages of those who were employed on the public works, there was rioting in the streets; and the next day the small traders joined the malcontents, declaring that the ministers had swindled them. They, under the mistaken impression that it was a government concern, had invested their savings in a pawnbroking company, and it had failed. Men's minds were sorely disturbed, too, by the news they received from Hungary; for the Croats had risen in arms against the Constitutional Government the Magyars had established with the Emperor's consent; and, if Kossuth were to be believed—and he was not a man to hurl unfounded accusations—Count Latour, the Austrian War Minister, who was a member of the Court party, was supplying the rebels with both money and arms. The mere suspicion of such a thing seemed absurd. It is enough to make one's head whirl to think of an Imperial Minister supplying with arms rebels against his own sovereign! What added not a little to the danger of the situation was that the Reichstag, from which such great things had been hoped, had proved a failure; instead of drawing up a constitution the members had taken to quarrelling; and the rival nationalities were shaking their fists in one another's faces. The Germans were fighting for centralism; the Slavs, for federalism; and meanwhile the Empire was left to get along as best it could.

It was on October 6th that the popular discontent, that had long been smouldering, burst into flames. Already on the 3rd it was known that the Emperor had practically rescinded the constitution he had granted to the Magyars; for he had appointed the Ban of

\* "I am, as all the world knows, omniscient; but, what the Viennese are wishing for just now, I verily don't know."

Croatia Viceroy of Hungary with despotic power! The Ban, the sworn enemy of the Magyars, against whom he had been waging war openly for months! The appointment was, as all the world knew, a proof that the Sons of Zerulah were too strong for their feeble sovereign; that the Court party had triumphed, had "captured" the Emperor, and were using him as their tool. This being the case, no one doubted but that the next news would be that the Austrian Constitution had also been rescinded. There was evidence, too, that preparations were being made for this step. Two Grenadier regiments that had long been stationed in Vienna, and that were known to be on much too friendly terms with the citizens ever to attack them, were ordered to start for Hungary; and Czechs were summoned to take their place in the city garrison. Czechs of all people, between whom and the Viennese there was always a bitter feud. But the Viennese were not in the temper to stand aside with folded hands while their enemies were forging for them fetters. They at once sent word to Count Latour that the Grenadiers should not leave the city; and, when he refused to countermand the order for their departure, they took possession of the railway station; tore up the lines; and threw stones at the cavalry sent to clear the streets.

This gave the War Minister an opportunity for which he had long been waiting; for he could now say that it was the people who had begun the attack, and that the troops were fighting in self-defence. Every soldier he had at his command was turned loose on the crowd; and for hours Vienna was one huge battlefield. How many men were killed that day has never been known. The Grenadiers threw in their lot with the citizens, and fought side by side with them and the National Guard against the Imperial troops. At first

Latour's men swept everything before them; but before long the populace rallied and attacked them with such irresistible fury that they fled. Before sunset the town was practically in the hands of the mob. Then, when it was too late, Count Latour saw the blunder he had made; he had deliberately provoked the fight, never doubting but that the victory would fall to him. And he paid for his blunder with his life; for the mob hanged him there and then on the lamp-post before his own door.

The Viennese went to bed that night wild with triumph; they had met their enemies in the open field and had put them to flight; and, optimistic as ever, they were perfectly sure that the result of their victory would be an all-round reconciliation. The next morning, however, they found they had made a mistake; for, when they went to Schönbrunn to explain matters to their sovereign, he had fled—fled on hearing of Latour's murder. Then came the grave news that Prince Windischgrätz was marching on Vienna with 100,000 men, "to restore order." Before many days had passed the city was besieged and cannon balls were flying through the air. The people fought gallantly, calling for cheers for the Emperor the while; but the forces against them were overwhelming. On November 1st Prince Windischgrätz entered Vienna as its conqueror, and the yellow and black flag, the emblem of despotism, was hoisted once again on St. Stefan's Tower. All was lost that had been won during those long months the revolution had lasted, lost through sheer blundering, lost because Austria in her hour of need had no Cromwell to keep her in the right path.

A month and a day later, the Emperor Ferdinand had abdicated. He had always declared that, if his people were fired on, he would "just go away;" and he kept his word. His place was taken

by his nephew, the Archduchess Sophie's son, Franz Josef, the present Emperor, then a lad of eighteen. He has striven hard his whole life long to repair the blunders made in '48; but there are blunders that can never be repaired. He has succeeded in holding

the Empire together, in spite of its divergent interests; but the work this involves strains to the utmost even his great skill and patience, and whether his successors will be able to do what he has done and is still doing, time alone can reveal.

Temple Bar.

*Edith Sellers.*

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SLEEPING AND WAKING.

She said to herself—'twas a girl ranging pleasaunce and  
lawn,  
Her eyes sudden-bright at sweet fancies because she was  
young,  
And in singing heard many an echo of strains never sung,  
And saw past dim eve dewy rose-fires of dawn upon dawn—

She said to herself of a while: "Pity 'tis to be sleeping,  
Since slumber brings shadow and silence, though softly it fall.  
What are dreams? Ne'er an hour of my day would I change  
for them all."  
For how could she know her delight lay in one dream's  
keeping?

She will say to herself—an old woman just creeping about,  
Half adrowse as the flies be that stir in a wintry sun,  
With the singing not heard any more, and the good days all  
done,  
And joy from her heart, and the light from her eyes, ebbed  
out—

She will say to herself of a while: "Pity 'tis to be waking,  
For weary this clamorous world to the lonely and old.  
Better dream, so a wraith of their lost they may haply be-  
hold,"  
For what could she tell of the dream beyond slumber's  
breaking?

Yet one of her days, when they darken bereft of a gleam,  
Ill-omened with hauntings of fear, by the last hope forsaken,  
If the old, old woman should sleep, and the girl should awak-  
en,  
Where desire of all hearts dwelleth deep in a dream of the  
Dream?

The Athenaeum.

*Jane Barlow.*

## AN OLD VIOLIN.\*

## II.

I did not return until the violinist began to play a saraband and gavotte.

Where was that dance going on?

What manner of people were dancing it?

At the first tone one understood that the scene was no longer in Italy. It was not pathetic gloom, it was polished elegance and brilliancy. There was a wealth of salutation and low bowing, of powdered perukes and witty compliments, courtly tread and graceful evolution, and back of all the gaiety and seeming joy, a feeling of hatred and scorn, as if one of the dancers were laughing behind his mask at all that took place around him.

Was it the same violin sounding? Another time and another people and spirit spoke through it—

Maestro Angelo's eyes had long been closed in death; his violin disappeared, as things are apt to disappear in this changeful world. When it again came to light, it was in France.

It had come into the possession of a poor young man, Pierre Roubot by name, who was the son of a shoemaker in Paris.

From his earliest childhood he had had two great passions, which increased with years. One was a love of music, the other a hatred of royalty, of nobility, and the rich, of all who possessed power and influence, while he, his parents, and comrades, were compelled to work for their daily bread.

There was no question of his genius as a musician. But how could he raise the money for his training?

He must sit by his father's side mak-

ing shoes, in the shop unvisited save by the poorest class of people.

However, all his leisure hours were devoted to his favorite amusement.

As a child he had owned a cheap little violin, but at an auction of the effects of a ruined Italian family he discovered the wonderful old violin, whose value he understood at once, in spite of the changes wrought by time and ill-usage. Though the price was low, he was forced to borrow the money for its purchase and repairing, but he worked at his bench with untiring energy, and often went dinnerless until he finally could claim the violin as his own.

And now his playing was utterly changed. The new instrument understood all his thoughts and whims and could express them all. He essayed the most difficult execution, the finest trills and runs; it responded perfectly to his touch, it was even better than he had dared to hope, and, with his long fingers and supple joints, he played it marvellously.

He was a virtuoso by natural endowment. No technicality was beyond his power, and, joined to such gifts, he could express all his own nature in his music.

And it was a wild, passionate nature, burning hot and freezing cold at one and the same time, that could hate better than it could love, better curse than weep, and which looked at all human suffering with demoniacal indifference.

So it was frightful to listen as he played.

He stood tall and slender in the low-roofed workshop, his black hair hanging over the high forehead, his small black eyes glistening in the pale face, to which neither brows nor lashes gave any softening expression, a hard sar-

\*Translated from the Swedish for *The Living Age* by Helen G. Greenwood.

castic smile about the wide mouth and the protruding chin resting on the violin.

When he took the first stroke over the strings—"ritsch-ratsch"—the cold chills ran down the spine of each apprentice. It sounded like two evil messengers of what was to come. For the most part he played his own fantasies, and they were not pleasant to hear. They boiled like the lava in a subterranean crater before it bubbles forth and runs down the mountain side.

Now and then there came a pleasing melody with marvellous octaves and dancing trills, but one knew it was mere ornament. That was merely the thin crust of the volcano, soon to be broken by the lava's fury.

The workmen in his father's shop would sit gazing at him with open mouths and pale faces. One of them declared that he knew the evil one dwelt in that violin.

Pierre never played in public. He despised the paying portion of humanity, and he never cared to gain renown as a musician.

The violin was his best, most trusted friend, to which he could tell all his bitter hatred, and find thus an outlet for his burning thoughts.

It happened that one day a man entered the shop and asked to speak with Pierre.

The latter recognized him at once.

He was the father of one of his boyhood friends, who had a place in the court orchestra. After much poverty and struggle for existence this friend, who was merely a musician, through the recommendation of a teacher obtained a position in the orchestra which played for court balls.

In a day or two they were expected to play at a *fête* at Versailles. And this young man had fallen ill of a fever and knew the impossibility of attending on the great night. He could not stand upright, let alone play a violin.

If he could not be there he would probably lose his place, and so he had sent his father to plead with Pierre.

Pierre knew how to play as no one else did, and if he would but take the other's place for that evening he would save their very existence.

He knew Pierre's burning hatred of royalty, and respected it, as most people did, but he must live. And one evening's absence would be sufficient cause for his dismissal. There were so many who begrudged him even that morsel of bread.

These and many other arguments the old man placed before him. There was a sob in his throat as he plead for his son, and his trembling voice trembled more than usual. Pierre sat and looked at him with his small, glistening black eyes, and then finally burst into a peal of laughter. Should he—he, Pierre Roubet—play for royalty? That was altogether too droll an idea!

He laughed until he swayed in his seat, but as the father still plead, with the tears rolling down his cheek, the young man grew angry. He smote the bench until the tools flew high in the air, and swore the fiercest French oaths that no living power should make him go to court as a servant—"He'd serve the royal folk in another way—another way—*He*."

Then he re-seated himself by the bench, and the old man took his hat and moved toward the door. Then he turned once again, and said:

"If my Maurice dies—shall I give him your greeting?"

"Why do you say that?" said Pierre, raising his head.

"He is very ill," said the old man, "and this will make him worse—one cannot tell—anxiety and restlessness—in the midst of such a fever."

Pierre gazed at him in silence a moment; the young man's nervous face had softened a trifle.

"Is he at all likely to die?"

The father replied with a nod of the head as he put on his hat; his underlip quivered, and two tears rolled down over his old red nose.

"Ah, well," said Pierre, suddenly, "I'll play for him. To help a comrade. And it will be good sport to see the great folk dancing to my violin. After all, it may be as well to see them a bit nearer. But I'll not accept a shilling of pay; it's Maurice, not I, who plays; remember that."

And when the great night came, Pierre really sat in the orchestra at Versailles.

He had attended the rehearsal in the morning, and been at once accepted.

The leader had called him a "deuce of a boy," and offered him a good position, to which Pierre almost replied with an oath.

He had donned Maurice's court dress; the breeches were too snug and the sleeves far too short for him.

He was forced to hide his long thin hair beneath a peruke, and adorn his wrists and neck with lace, and but little attention was paid him. The musicians sat in a balcony, and their eyes were fastened upon the scene below.

How the salon gleamed with light!

The ceiling was rich in painting and sculpture. Plump nymphs and goddesses wandered amid gilded garlands and fantastic arabesques. The chandeliers looked like great crystal wreaths. The millions of glass shades hung like flower, fruit and leaf, illumined by innumerable waxen candles.

Heavy golden satin drapery hung before the windows and doors, and adorned the immense mirrors which reflected again and again the gleaming lights of the salon.

The floor was waxed and polished until it shone like glass, and upon that dangerous footing a large gathering of court ladies and cavaliers awaited the coming of the royal pair.

The ladies were regal in their jewels

and laces, their gowns with their long trains demanding room enough for two; and their heads were adorned with everything possible to give them height, and attract the attention of the crowd. Flowers, wreaths and feathers warred with each other, and yes—one or two heads bore miniature ships in full sail.

Every one of those primping, smirking women wore valuables enough to dower a hundred poor maidens. Pierre thought of his sister, who had lacked money for the simplest outfit.

And how they nodded and flung their heads about, like turkeys and geese unknowing they were to be killed in the morning.

And all those elegant gentlemen! How they were decked and painted like the vainest woman, with rings on their fingers and lace over the white hands never soiled by toil, and diamonds on their little fingers—fingers one stroke of the sword would remove.

Pierre's eyes blazed like burning coals. It was indeed well that he had a nearer view. Now he saw how these useless, luxurious people floated on the tide while the poor went to the bottom, how they danced night after night, while the poor people paid their musicians.

They took up altogether too much room upon earth, and the sooner the hurricane came and swept them away the better.

There was a movement down below. The master of ceremonies arranged the courtiers, the leader of the orchestra took up his baton, the field marshal bowed low as the swinging doors opened to admit the royal pair.

They entered, surrounded by pages and members of their suite, King Louis and the proud Marie Antoinette.

Pierre had seen the Queen once before in Paris. Now she walked slowly forward, clad in a yellow brocaded gown, embroidered with gold and load-



ed with gems, each of which reflected the various lights. She greeted the guests with such graciousness and charm that Pierre unconsciously nodded his head in response. She smiled, and he was forced to admit that she was beautiful.

How that head was borne upon the slender throat! It seemed fitted to wear a crown. The fair cheek glowed soft and flushed beneath the hair dressed in the prevailing mode; the half-closed eyes held a peculiarly fascinating expression. There was a wise, a penetrating glance beneath those heavy lids, a glance which observed and weighed each subject. The fine, little nose was haughty, and the firm, wise mouth beneath it seemed perfectly conscious of the value of one of its smiles.

Like a field of wheat when the winds pass over it, the silken backs bent as the Queen entered.

Pierre did not see the King.

One never looked at the King when the Queen was present.

After the royal pair had taken their places and danced a quadrille, of which both were fond, the orchestra played a saraband and the Queen made one of the Foreign Ambassadors happy by giving him her hand for the dance. In a moment the floor was filled with dancers; the ball was opened. Each courtier circled around his partner and each couple circled about the Queen, like starry constellations around the great central sun. They marked every gesture, hung upon every change in her face.

When she looked grave a shadow fell upon the entire company, and when she smiled all smiled.

How they strutted, fawned and flattered, all that flock of miserable useless creatures!

And she, the Queen—whom did she think she was? A super-human being meriting blind adulation, a goddess

who to adorn her temple robbed her subjects of their hard-earned bread? A vain, useless woman, who lived but to get enjoyment out of everything, and cared not who suffered at her very door.

The impression made upon Pierre by her majestic beauty had vanished. He saw now but the tyrant, the enemy, the root and cause of all the want and unhappiness in France.

He ran his bow over the strings so that they shrieked.

He was compelled to follow the orchestra and play the correct notes, first a saraband and then a gavotte. He made the same trills and flourishes as the other musicians, but beneath his bow they sounded like the shaking of a clenched fist. And beneath all that soft melody and elegant ornament lay a hideous, growing hatred.

It was as though a satanic flatterer clad in court costume, with a poisoned dagger at his belt, bowed low, saying:

"See how we bow and smile. We admire you great ones of earth. We bow with our hand upon our heart. Let us get nearer to you—much nearer and seize you—so—and so—around your dainty white wrists.

"Yes, yes, don't be frightened. See how respectful we are. Don't be afraid to die. It will soon be over.

"Don't be at all frightened. See how we bow and smile."

The light streamed from the crystal chandeliers, the mirrors reflected them in endless lines. The floor was so smooth that satin-shod feet glided gracefully over it.

They whispered, smiled and laughed, all those smirking faces down below.

As Pierre played, he watched them closely. The dark eyes in the pale face grew more dangerously wrathful. The trills grew more and more threatening, the very runs laughed with scorn in their clear tones.

That night Pierre Roubot, as he

played the saraband and gavotte, swore that all those down below must die.

His voice should be one of the thousands which condemned them, and that very soon. But this evening let them dance. And he ended the piece with a most elaborate flourish which seemed a low bow to the Queen—she, whom shortly after he watched as she ascended the scaffold.

I shuddered as hands were slapped and cries sounded around me.—Was it triumphal cries about the guillotine? No.—I sat in the concert *salon*. The violin ceased, and the scene was ended.

Once again that evening the instrument told a tale of the vanished time.

The revolution had spent its fury, and the violin floated down the stream of years and was cast up like a shaving upon the shores of Belgium.

First it was owned by various wealthy amateurs, who could not play upon it but treasured it as a curiosity, and then after many years it came once more into the hands of a master.

It was a great musician, who in his day had delighted the public, but who was one of the kind who would not play simple tunes. He insisted upon playing the most classical music, whether people liked it or not.

So the public tired of him and turned to new stars, who were not so set in their ideas but would give popular music.

From being greatly in demand, the violinist became first neglected and then forgotten. Perhaps he could have held his place much longer if he had cared to make the effort. But he was both angry and bitter as he saw how one after another of the younger school were preferred to him—those boys whose technique he could have criticised in a thousand ways. He was silent and stepped aside.

If people could not understand good music he would not instruct them. No

matter what came to him he'd never descend to humbug to gain popularity with a fickle public.

In his time he had earned large sums of money, but he had never saved them, for so long as he had sufficient for his wants he had shared with the needy.

Then came neglect; old age was not far distant, and all that remained to him was his violin and a daughter, who was his greatest joy.

His wife had died in early life, and he had been both father and mother to his little girl. The two had lived a very happy life together, until at twenty, in Brussels, the daughter married a school teacher.

He was a most worthy young man, and the father had nothing against him, save that he took his daughter away; but the best of feeling existed between young and old.

They lived near each other and shared both good and evil fortune. The good they had to share was mostly of an intellectual order, for the income in both families was very small, and they lived from hand to mouth.

Nevertheless, it was a happy family. Love bound it together, and no fear for the future weakened the younger man's power of achievement. At least they had much to live for; they had each other and the old father, and everything would come out right.

But suddenly this peace and happiness was wrecked by a terrible blow.

After a week's illness with typhoid fever the young husband died, and shortly after his wife became the mother of a son.

She had not seen her husband die; she could not bid him good-bye, nor be present when they laid him to rest. In an almost unconscious condition she had been carried to her father's house. There the child was born, and a week elapsed before she recovered consciousness and awoke once more to life.

But what an awakening!

She had not said farewell, had not followed her beloved on the way to that unknown country. He seemed to have vanished. While she was bound to her bed he had left her forever, and in his place she had the tiny unknown babe that lay in her arms.

She felt neither love nor gladness as she thought of it. How could it take the place of the one she had lost? She, who had been deprived of her best comfort, must now care for and comfort another.

She lay in the great white bed in the darkened chamber, and gazed out of the window.

The sun had set, and the evening glow spread over the *Hôtel des Villes'* slender towers, outlined in black against the sky. Far down the street she could hear the voices of people passing.

For it was in April, and such pleasant weather that many were out walking at sun-down.

A merry whistle disturbed her; the crowing of the barnyard fowls and the talk and laughter of two who were happy made her wince. Every one out there was in a summer mood.

She lay there, still and pale, listening to these sounds from a world which now seemed utterly strange to her.

What had she to do with it?

She felt like one who after a shipwreck finds himself thrown half-dead upon the naked rocks. Her very soul was crushed within her. Tearless and bereft of feeling she lay there, and looked at the sky as night settled over it and the first stars appeared.

Then she felt the child's warm body on her arm, and turned her head to look at him. He slept with an expression of infantile content. He could not know his mother's bitter sorrow.

The tiny cap covered the soft dark hair and flushed little cheek. His breath came fluttering like a young bird's, and he snuggled his tender face

under his mother's shoulder as if creeping into his nest.

But this did not touch her heart. It was like stone as she resumed her former position and gazed at the sky.

Suddenly the violin sounded from a side room. Her father was playing. It was a long, long time since she had heard him touch the instrument. It had been in that vanished time when they were happy—and now she listened.

Its well-known voice was speaking to her. She had known the soft deep tones from earliest childhood. Perhaps it formed her first recollections of earthly things.

Gravely those tones appealed to her. They seemed to understand her and her sorrow and spoke as no human voice could. How poor and cold human words really are in the face of sorrow! No matter how well meant, they seem but mockery.

These tones understood how to take her hopeless sorrow and lay it before her, as if it were the grief of some one else to which she was witness. Her heart began to beat with great heavy throbs; her breast heaved.

They were telling of death in all its awfulness, of parting's bitterest pain.

Then the instrument began to wail. How it sobbed and sighed in loneliness and grief!

It made her tremble, and the tears came to her eyes. Then she burst into sobs.

The great burning tears, like the first drops of a storm, seemed to raise from her heart a weight that had been crushing it.

How consoling it was to weep so! And the violin wept with her. It seemed to say: "Yes, that is right. Only weep. And we'll weep with you."

For a long time she lay there and made no effort to dry her tears.

But now other tones were coming from the instrument. She listened.

Only one person in the world could

talk that way in music. She knew who it was, only she had never realized it as she did to-night.

It was the voice of the Consoler. Of a Heavenly Consoler, descending from the sky to help her bear her burden. Only one who understood grief in its deepest meaning could console as that violin was comforting her.

It was the everlasting word of love and goodness, which fell soft as rose leaves upon a bleeding heart.

It was not the cold comfort which said: "You will forget;" nor the still more heartless: "You must remember that others have sorrows greater than yours."

No, it was a reminder that love and happiness are God-given, that heaven's blessing would follow after such pain.

And as she lay there listening a lump of ice seemed to melt in her heart. She bowed her head softly over her child and drew him closer.

She would teach him to love the one she had loved. She would teach him to look up at the sky and open his heart to such sounds as now bathed them in beauty.

The little one opened his eyes; two great grave child eyes. He, too, had listened and wondered. She read it in his face.

The music circled about them like great wings, and seemed to kiss them upon lips and brow, until it died away like the last sunbeams at close of day.

The door opened, and her old father came softly towards the bed. He still carried the violin, and his eyes sought his darling's face as she lay in the darkened room.

He seemed uncertain whether he should find her living or dead.

But she stretched out her arms towards him, and as he bent towards her she drew his gray head down to hers and the child's, and whispered:

"Thank you, father. You have saved me."

These were the songs of human suffering and consolation, of strife and victory, which the violin sang. That which human words could not express, the instrument told in the hands of a master.

He must forgive me for putting them into words.

*Helena Nyblom.*

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## THE DOG.

"But if you once admit the existence of the supernatural, and that it can enter into the ordinary affairs of everyday life, allow me to ask what scope is left for the exercise of reason?"

And so saying, Anthony Stephanich crossed his arms.

Anthony Stephanich was a Councillor to the Minister in some Department or other, and this circumstance, joined with those of his possessing a grave bass voice, and of his speaking with great precision, rendered him an object of universal consideration. He

had just been compelled, as his detractors phrased it, to accept the Cross of St. Stanislaus.

"There can be no doubt of that," said Skorevich.

"It is impossible to dispute it," said Cinarevich.

"I assent entirely," said the master of the house, Phinoplentoff, in his thin little voice.

Now there was a short, plump, bald, middle-aged little man who was sitting silent close to the stove, and he suddenly said,—

"I confess that I don't agree with you, for something which was certainly supernatural once happened to me myself."

Everybody looked at him, and there was a pause. The little man in question was a small landed proprietor in Kalouga who had only come to live at St. Petersburg a short time before. He had once been in the hussars and lost his money at play, resigned his commission, and returned to cultivate cabbages at his native village. Recent events had greatly reduced his income, and he had come to town in order to try and obtain some small employment. For this object he had none of the ordinary means of success, nor influential acquaintances, but he placed great confidence in the friendship of an old comrade in his regiment, who had certainly become a great personage, how or why nobody knew, and whom he had once helped to thrash a card-sharper. Besides this, he was a great believer in his own luck, and, as a matter of fact, his confidence turned out not to have been misplaced. After some days he was appointed inspector of certain government factories. The place was a good one, it stood rather high, and did not call for the exercise of any striking talents even if the factories in question had existed anywhere except upon paper, or if it had been settled what was to be manufactured in them when they did exist. But then they formed part of a new scheme of administrative economy.

Anthony Stephanich was the first to speak.

"Surely, my dear sir, you cannot mean seriously to tell us that you ever met with anything supernatural; I mean, any departure from the laws of nature."

"Yes, I did," said the "dear sir," whose name was Porphyry Capitonovich.

"A departure from the laws of nat-

ure," sharply repeated Anthony Stephanich, who had evidently got hold of a favorite phrase.

"Quite so; just as you are kind enough to express it," said the little man.

"This is very extraordinary. What do you think, gentlemen?"

Anthony Stephanich had tried to put on a sarcastic expression, but had failed; or, to be more exact, had given his features an expression such as would have been produced by perceiving a bad smell. He turned to the gentleman from Kalouga and continued,—

"Could you be so kind as to give us some details of such a strange occurrence?"

"Do you want to hear about it?" said the gentleman. "All right."

He got up, went into the middle of the room, and began.

"You may possibly know, gentlemen, or more probably you don't, that I possess a small property in the district of Kozelsk. I used to get something from it once upon a time, but, as you may well conceive, it brings me in nothing now, except business and quarrels. However, I don't want to talk politics. Well, on this property I had a small farm with a kitchen-garden to match, a pond with tench in it, divers buildings, and among others a little house for myself. I am not married. One fine day, six years ago, I came home rather late. I had been dining with one of the neighbors, but I assure you I was all right so far as that went. I took off my clothes, got into bed, and blew out the candle. I had hardly blown it out when I heard something move underneath the bed. I wondered what it could be. At first I thought it was mice. But it wasn't mice. I could hear it scratching and walking about and shaking itself. It was obvious that it was a dog, but I couldn't think what dog it could be. I hadn't got one. So I thought that it must be

a stray one. I called the servant and scolded him for being careless, and letting a dog get hidden under the bed. He asked, 'What dog?' I answered him, 'How should I know? It was his business to prevent that sort of thing happening.' He stooped down with the candle and looked under the bed. He said there was not any dog there. I looked underneath myself, and sure enough there was no dog there. I stared at him, and he began to grin. I called him a fool, and said the dog must have slipped out and got away when he opened the door, that he had been half asleep and hadn't noticed it. I asked if he thought that I had been drinking? However, I did not await the reply which he was about to make, but told him to clear out. When he was gone, I curled myself up, and I heard nothing more that night.

"However, the night afterwards the whole thing began again. I had hardly put the candle out when I heard the beast shake itself. I called the servant again. He looked under the bed. There wasn't anything there. So I sent him away again, and put out the candle the second time. Then I heard the dog again. There couldn't be any doubt about it. I could hear it breathe. I could hear it biting at its own coat and hunting for fleas, so I called the man to come again, without bringing a candle. He came, and I told him to listen. He said he heard. I couldn't see him, but I knew by the sound of his voice that he was frightened. I asked him how he could explain it. He said it was the Evil One. I told him to hold his stupid tongue, but we were both pretty frightened. I lighted the candle, and then there was no more dog and no more noise. I left the candle burning all night, and whether you like to believe it or not, I assure you that the same thing went on every night for six weeks. I got quite used to it, and I used to put out

the candle, because light prevents my sleeping, and I did not mind the thing, as it didn't do me any harm."

"You are certainly brave," said Anthony Stephanich, with a smile of mingled pity and contempt. "One can see that you have been a trooper."

"I certainly shouldn't be afraid of you, at any rate," answered Porphyry Capitonovich, with a decided ring of the soldier in his tone. "Anyhow, I'll tell you what happened. The same neighbor with whom I had dined before came to dine with me in turn. He took pot-luck with me, and I won fifteen roubles from him afterwards. He looked out into the night, and said he would have to be going. However, I had a plan, and I asked him to stay and sleep, and try and win back his money the next day. He considered, and then he agreed to stay. I had a bed made up for him in my own room. We went to bed and smoked and talked and discussed women, as men do. At last I saw that Basil Basilich put out his light and turned his back toward me, as much as to say *schlafen sie wohl*. I waited a little, and then I put out my own candle, and before I had time to think the game began. The beast did more than move; he came out from under the bed, and walked across the room. I could hear his feet on the wooden floor. He shook himself, and then there was a thump. He knocked against a chair, which was standing beside Basil Basilich's bed. Basil called out to me quite naturally, in his ordinary voice, to ask me if the dog that I had got was a pointer. I told him that I hadn't got any dog, and never had had. He asked me what the noise was then? I told him to light his candle and see. He asked me again if it wasn't a dog. Then I heard him turn round. He told me I was joking; and I told him I was not.

"After this I heard him scraping away with a match while the dog was



scratching itself. Suddenly the match struck, and there was nothing to be seen or heard. Basil Basilich stared at me, and I stared at him. He asked me what all the nonsense was. I told him that if you made Socrates and Frederick the Great put their heads together over it, they couldn't explain it; and I told him all about it. He jumped out of bed like a scalded cat, and wanted to have his carriage called, to go away at once. I wanted to argue with him, but he only made more noise. He told me there must be some curse upon me, and that nothing would make him stay. I got him more or less quiet at last, but he insisted on having a bed in another room, and a light all night.

"When he was having his tea in the morning, he was calmer, and he gave me his advice to go away from home for some days, and then, perhaps, the thing would come to an end.

"He was a decidedly clever man, and I had great respect for his acumen. He got round his mother-in-law quite amazingly. He got her to accept letters of exchange, and she was as tame as a sheep. She made him commissioner for the administration of all her property. Fools don't do that sort of thing with their mothers-in-law. However, he was in a bad temper when he went away, for I won an hundred more roubles from him, and he was cross. He told me I was behaving unthankfully towards him. How on earth could the luck be my fault? But I did as he advised, and I started for the town the same day. I knew an old man there who kept an inn, and who was a Dissenter, and it was to his house that I went. He was a little old creature, and a bit snappish, because he had lost his wife and all his children, and he was alone. He couldn't bear the smell of tobacco, and dogs were his particular horror. Rather than see a dog in his rooms he would have left the house. 'Behold,' he would

say, 'the all-holy Virgin, who is graciously pleased to hang inside my room, and then how could I allow the unclean brutes to come sniffing in there.' Of course it is want of education. As far as I am concerned, I am content that everybody should use the common sense that God gives him. That's my Gospel."

"You seem to be a philosopher," said Anthony Stephanich, with the same smile as before.

Porphyry Capitonovich made a slight movement of the eyebrows, and also moved his moustache a little. He said:

"As to my being a philosopher, no proof has yet been adduced, but I teach philosophy to other people."

This made everybody look at Anthony Stephanich. We expected some startling reply, or at least a glance of scathing indignation. We were mistaken. The smile of the Ministerial Councillor changed from one of contempt to one of indifference. He yawned; he changed the position of his feet. There was nothing more.

"Well," said Capitonovich, "I took up my quarters in this old man's house; for the sake of his acquaintance with me, he put me in his own room, and made himself up a bed behind a screen. It wasn't a good room, at its best, and it was hot and stuffy beyond all belief. Everything was sticky, and the flies were all over the place. In one corner there was a cupboard full of old holy pictures covered with tarnished plates<sup>1</sup> all bulging out. There was a smell of oil and drugs like a chemist's shop. There were two pillows on the bed, and black beetles ran out if you touched them. For want of something to do I drank more tea than I wanted, and then, bestly as the place was, I got into bed. I could hear the old Dissenter on the other side of the screen sighing

<sup>1</sup> That is, the sheaves of metal in relief put by Russians over sacred pictures, with space cut out to show the flesh parts.

and groaning and mumbling his prayers. Then he went to sleep. It wasn't long before he began snoring. I listened to him. He began gently, and then it got worse and worse. I became irritated. It was a long time since I put out my own light, but it was not dark, because there was a lamp burning in front of the holy pictures. It was this that put me out. I got out of bed as quietly as I could, walked barefoot to the lamp, and blew it out. Nothing happened. So I thought it was all right, and got back into bed again. But I was hardly in before I heard the old story again. The dog was scratching and shaking himself—the whole thing as before. I lay still in bed, listening to see what would happen next. My landlord woke up. I heard him call out, 'Sir, what's the matter; have you put out the lamp, sir?' I made no answer, and I heard him get out of bed and say, 'What's the matter? What's the matter?—dog,—dog,—the d—d Niconian.'<sup>2</sup> I called to him not to put himself out, but to come to me, as something very odd was happening. He emerged from behind his screen with the end of an unbleached wax taper in his hand. Such a figure I had never seen—his fierce eyes and hairy figure, with the hair growing even in his ears, were just like a badger. On his head he had a white felt hat; his white beard went down to his girdle, and over his chest he had a waistcoat with brass buttons. His feet were thrust into a pair of old furred slippers, and he diffused around him a pervading odor of gin. In this guise he proceeded to the holy pictures, before

which he crossed himself three times with his two fore-fingers.<sup>3</sup> Then he re-lighted the lamp, crossed himself again, and having done so, turned round to me, and said in a thick voice,—

"'Well, what's the matter?'"

"I told him the whole story. He did not utter a syllable; he scratched his head. When I had done, he sat down, still silent, on the foot of my bed. Here he proceeded to scratch his stomach and the nape of his neck, and to rub himself. But still he never uttered a word. At last I said to him,—

"'Well, Theodoulos Ivanovich, I want to know what you think about it. Don't you think it's a temptation of the Evil One?'"

"The old man looked at me.

"'Temptation of the Evil One!' said he. 'You think that, do you? It would be all very well in your own tobacco reek,<sup>4</sup> but how about this house? This house is an holy place. A temptation of the Evil One? If it is not a temptation of the Evil One, what is it?'"

"Then he sat silent, thinking and scratching himself. At last he said to me, though not very distinctly, because the hair got into his mouth,—

"'Go to Belev. There's only one man that I know of that can help you. He lives at Belev. He is one of our people. If he likes to help you, so much the better for you. If he does not like, you've got nothing more to do.'

"I asked him how I could find the man.

"'I'll tell you,' said the Nonconformist, 'but, after all, why should it be a temptation of the Evil One? It's a vision; it may become even a revelation,

<sup>2</sup> That is, the Dissenter is complaining of the narrator as a follower of Nikon, Patriarch of Moscow, the reformer of the Russian Church, whose changes in that body are the cause of the Dissent of the class of Nonconformist here indicated.

<sup>3</sup> All this relates to the peculiarities of the Russian Nonconformists, who object to cutting the beard, and in making the sign of the Cross

join the thumb with the fourth and little finger, extending the index and the middle finger, whereas members of the Established Church join the thumb, index, and middle finger, and bend the fourth and little finger towards the palm.

<sup>4</sup> The Dissenters object on conscientious grounds to tobacco-smoking.

but you're not up to all that. That's beyond you. Well, now, try to get to sleep, with God the Father and His Christ watching over you. I am going to burn some incense. We will think about it to-morrow. You know that second thoughts are almost always best.'

"In the morning, accordingly, we took counsel together, although he had nearly choked me in the night with his incense. The address which he gave me was this. When I got to Belev I was to go into the square and to ask at the second shop on the right hand for a certain Prochorovich, and give him a letter. The letter was a scrap of paper on which was written, 'In the Name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. Amen. To Sergius Prochorovich Pervoushine. Trust this man. Theodoulus Ivanovich. Send some cabbages, and praised be God's Holy Name.' I thanked my old Dissenter, and forthwith ordered a carriage, and went to Belev. My argument was, 'This thing in the night has not done me any harm yet, but it's very tiresome, and it's not the thing for a man like me or an officer.' What do you think?"

"And you went to Belev?" said Phinoplentoff.

"Yes, I went there straight. When I got to the square, I asked at the second shop on the right for Prochorovich. They told me he was not there. I asked where he lived, and they told me, in his own house in the suburb on the Oka. I accordingly crossed the Oka, and found the house in question, which might more fitly have been described as a shanty. I found a man in a darned blue shirt, with a torn cap, working among cabbages, with his back to me. I came up to him and said, 'Are you so and so?' He turned round, and I give you my word of honor, I never saw such a pair of eyes. He was old, he had no teeth, his face was as small as

one's hand, and he had a beard like an he-goat.

" 'Yes,' he said, 'I am he. What can I do to serve you?'

" 'There,' said I, and gave him the letter.

"He stared hard at me, and then said,—

" 'Be pleased to come into my room, I am not able to read without glasses.'

"We went into his room. It was a perfect kennel, bare and wretched, and with hardly space enough in which to turn round. On the wall there was a sacred picture, as black as coal, with black heads of Saints with gleaming whites to their eyes. He pulled out the drawer in an old table, took out a pair of spectacles mounted in iron, fixed them upon his nose and read the letter, after which he fixed his eyes on me through the spectacles.

" 'Have you need of me?'

" 'Yes.'

" 'Well, tell me what it is. I am listening.'

"He sat down, took out of his pocket an old checked pocket-handkerchief, full of holes, and spread it upon his knees. Me he never invited to sit down. He fixed upon me a look of power and dignity which might have become a Senator or a Minister of the Government. To my amazement I suddenly found myself seized with an emotion of terror. My heart seemed to sink within my shoes. Then he averted his gaze. This seemed to be enough, and when I had recovered myself a little, I told him my story. He said nothing, but frowned and bit his lips. Then, with an air of majesty and dignity, he slowly asked me my name, my age, who had been my parents, and whether I was married or single. After I told him this, he bit his lips and frowned again; then he held up one finger, and said, 'Cast yourself down before the holy images of the pure and helpful

Saints, Sabbatius and Zosimus of the Solovetsky.<sup>8</sup>

"I threw myself down flat upon my face, and I might almost as well have remained lying there, such was the awe and fear with which this man inspired me. I would have done anything that he told me. Gentlemen, I see that you are laughing at me, but I assure you that I didn't feel anything like laughing. At last he said—

"Get up, sir, it is possible to help you. What has been sent to you is not a punishment, but a warning, that means to say that you are in danger, but, fortunately for you, there is some one praying for you. Go to the market-place and buy a young dog, keep it always with you both day and night; your visions will stop, and, moreover, you will find the dog useful."

"Heaven seemed to open before me. His words filled me with gladness. I bowed profoundly to him, and was turning to go away when it struck me that I ought to give him something. I took out a three-rouble note, but he pushed it away with his hand and said:

"Give it to a chapel or to the poor; things like this are not paid for."

"I bowed before him again, down to his very girdle, and walked off straight to the market-place. As I reached the shops, the first thing I saw was a man in a long gray gabarine, carrying a liver-colored dog about two months old. I asked the man to stop and tell me the price of his dog. He said, "Two roubles," and I proposed to give him three. He thought I was mad, but I gave him the bank-note to hold in his teeth while he carried the dog for me to my carriage. The coachman was soon

ready, and I was at home the same evening. I kept the dog on my knees the whole time, and when he whined I called him my treasure. I gave him food and water, and had straw brought up to my room and made him a bed there. When I had blown the candle out and found myself in the dark, I wondered what was going to happen, but nothing happened. I began to feel quite bold, and called on the unseen power to begin its usual performance, but there was no response. Then I called in my servant and asked him if he could hear anything, but he could hear nothing either."

"Was that the end of it?" said Anthony Stephanich, but without sneering.

"It was the end of the noises," said Porphyry Capitonovich, "but it was not the end of the whole story. The dog grew, and became a large, strong setter. He showed an extraordinarily strong attachment to me. There is very little sport down in our part of the world, but whenever I took him out with me I always found it good. I used to take him all about with me. Sometimes he started a hare, or a partridge, or a wild duck, but he never went far from me. Wherever I went, he came too. I took him with me even when I went to bathe. A lady of my acquaintance wanted to turn him out of the drawing-room one day. We had a downright battle. I ended by breaking the affected creature's windows for her. Well, one fine day in summer there was the worst drought that I have ever known. There was a sort of haze in the air. Everything was burnt up. It was dark. The sun was like a

<sup>8</sup> "The Solovetsky Monastery is the Coenobium on an island in the White Sea named Solovki. It was first founded by St. Sabbatius in A.M. 6728 (A.D. 1220), in the time of the religious prince, Basil Basilovich. After his death St. Zosimus renewed the Coenobium, and enclosed it with a wall and collected a community." . . . This monastery is greatly revered among

Russian Dissenters on account of the resistance of the larger number of the community to the changes made by Nikon, and the terrible cruelties and death to which many of them were subjected in consequence (The Patriarch and the Tsar, by the late Mr. Palmer, Vol. II., p. 439-459).

red ball, and the dust was enough to make one sneeze. The earth gaped with cracks. I got tired of staying in the house, half-undressed, with shutters shut, and as it got a little cooler I made up my mind to go and call on a lady who lived about a verst off. She was a kind-hearted woman, still pretty young, and always smart. She was a little original, but that is rather an advantage in women than otherwise. I got to the steps of her door most frightfully thirsty, but I knew that Nymphodora Semenovna would pick me up with whortleberry-water and other refreshments. I had my hand on the door-handle, when I suddenly heard a tremendous row, and children shrieking, on the other side of a cottage, and in an instant a great red brute, that at first I did not see was a dog, made straight for me with his mouth open, his eyes red, and his hair all up. I had hardly gasped when it flew full at my chest. I almost had a fit. I shall never forget the white teeth and the foaming tongue close to my face. In an instant my own dog flew to my rescue like a flash of lightning, and hung on to the other's neck like a leech. The other one choked, snapped, and fell back. I opened the door, and jumped into the hall. I did not know where I was. I threw myself against a door with all my strength and yelled for help—while the two dogs fought upon the steps. The whole house was roused. Nymphodora ran out with her hair down. There was a lull in the noise, and I heard somebody call out to shut the gate. I peeped through the door. There was nothing on the steps, but men were running about the court seizing logs of wood as if they were mad themselves. I saw an old woman poke her cap out of a dormer window, and heard her call out that the dog had run down through the village, and I went out to look for mine. Presently he came into the court, limping, and

hurt, and bloody. I asked what on earth was the matter, for there was a crowd gathered as if there had been a fire. They told me it was one of the Count's dogs that had gone mad, and that it had been about since the day before. This was a Count who was a neighbor of mine, and who had all sorts of strange dogs.

"I was in an awful fright, and I went to a looking-glass to see if I had got hurt. There was nothing, thank God, but I looked as green as grass, and Nymphodora Semenovna was lying on the sofa sobbing like a hen clucking. No wonder, too. It was her nerves, and her kind-heartedness. When she came to a little she said to me in an hollow voice—

"'Are you still alive?"

"'Yes,' I said, 'I am still alive. My dog saved me.' She said—

"'What a noble thing! Did the mad dog kill him?"

"'No,' said I, 'he is not killed, but he is very much hurt.'

"She answered, 'Then he ought to be shot at once.'

"I told her I would not. I was going to try to cure him.

"Then the dog himself came and scratched at the door, and I at once let him in.

"'Oh, what are you doing?' she said, 'he will bite us all.'

"I said, 'Forgive me; it does not come out all at once like that.'

"She said, 'How can you? You have gone off your head.'

"I said, 'Nymphodora, do be quiet and talk sense,' but she called out to me to go away with my horrid dog.

"I said, I was going to go.

"She said, 'Go away at once, don't stay a moment. Go away; you're a brute. Never you dare to see me again. I daresay you have got hydrophobia, too.'

"I said, 'All right, but just be good enough to let me have the carriage;

there might be danger if I walked all the way back.'

"She stared at me. 'You can have the carriage or anything that you want. If only you will go away at once. Just look at its eyes.'

"She bolted out of the room, and hit one of the maids whom she met, and then I heard her taken ill next door. You can take it as what you like, but Nymphodora Semenovna and I were never friends again from that day onwards, and the more I think about it the more I feel that if it was for nothing else, I ought to be thankful for that to my dog to my dying day. I ordered the carriage and took the dog home with me in it. When I got home I examined him and washed his wounds. I thought the best thing I could do would be to take him next day to the wise man of the country. He was an astonishing old man. He mumbles something or other over water. Some people say that he puts snakes' slime into it. He gives it you to drink, and it makes you all right at once. I thought that I would get myself bled at the same time. Bleeding is a good thing for fits. Of course you ought not to be bled in the arm, but in the dimple."

"Where is the dimple?" asked Phinoplentoff, timidly.

"Do you not know? It is the place under the hand, at the end of the thumb, where you put the snuff when you want to take a good lot of it. See. That is the right place to be bled, you can see that for yourself. The blood that comes out of the hand is the vein blood. In the other place it is the silly blood. Doctors don't know about those sort of things. The Germans know nothing about it. Farriers do it a great deal. They are very good at it. They just put their scissors there and give them a tap with the hammer, and the whole thing is done. The night came on while I was thinking about it, and it was time to go to bed. So I went, and, of

course, I kept the dog with me; but I don't know whether it was the heat or the shock that I had had, or the fleas, or what I was thinking about, but I could not get to sleep. I got restless. I drank water, I opened the window. I got the guitar and played the Moujik of Koumarino with Italian variations. But it would not do. I thought it was the room that I could not stand, so I took a pillow and two sheets and a coverlet and went across the garden, and made myself a bed in the hay under the shed. I was more comfortable there. It was a calm night. Every now and then there was a little breath of air that touched you on the face, like a woman's hand. The fresh hay smelt good, like tea. The crickets sang in the apple trees. Every now and then you'd hear an hen quail clucking, and you felt that she was happy in the dew beside her mate. The sky was quite still. The stars were shining, and there were little light clouds, like flakes of cotton wool, that hardly changed.

"Well," continued Porphyry Capitonovich, "I lay down, but I didn't get to sleep. I kept thinking, and especially about presentiments, and what that man Prochorovich had said to me, when he told me to look out for squalls, and now how such an extraordinary thing had happened. I could not understand it. It was impossible to understand it. All of a sudden the dog jumped up and whined. I thought his wounds were hurting him. Then the moon kept me awake. Do you not believe me? I assure you it did. The moon was straight in front of me, round, and flat, and big, and yellow, and I thought that she was there to tease me. I put out my tongue at her. Did she want to know what I was thinking about? I turned over, but I felt her upon my ear, and upon the back of my neck. It was like rain all over me. I opened my eyes again. The moon showed every little point of grass, every little twig in the



hay, every little spider's web, as if it was cut out sharp, and she said, "There you are, look at it." There was nothing more to be done. I rested my head upon my hand and looked. I have strong eyes and I could not sleep. The gate of the shed was wide open and I looked through. One could see the country for five versts. It was patchy, clear in some places and dark in others, as is the case in moonlight. I was looking out over it when I thought I saw something moving a long distance off. Then I saw something pass quickly much nearer. Then I saw a dark figure leap. It had come much nearer then. I wondered if it was an hare. I supposed so, and it was coming nearer. Then I saw it was bigger than an hare. It came out of the shadow on to the meadow, which lay quite white in the moonlight, and the thing moved upon it like a great black spot. Evidently it was some kind of wild beast—a fox, perhaps, or a wolf. My heart began to beat. But what was there to be afraid of? There are plenty of beasts that run about at night. My curiosity overcame my fear. I got up and rubbed my eyes, when all of a sudden I turned cold as if ice had been put down my back. The shadowy creature grew larger and darted in at the gate of the yard. I then saw that it was an enormous brute with a great head. It shot past like a bullet, then stopped and began to snuff. It was the mad dog. I could neither move nor cry. It bounded in at the door of the shed with sparkling eyes, howled, and leaped upon me as I lay upon the hay. At that moment my own dog sprang forward wide awake. The two beasts fought and fell. I don't remember what followed. I only remember that I fell over them somehow in a heap, escaped through the garden, and got to my own bedroom. When I recovered myself a little, I woke up the whole house, and we all armed our-

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selves and sallied out. I got a sword and a revolver. I had bought the revolver just after the emancipation of the serfs, for reasons which I need not mention, and a bad one it was. It missed two shots out of every three. We went to the shed with burning sticks; we went forward and shouted, but we could not hear anything. At last we went in, and there we found my dog lying dead and the other disappeared.

"I am not ashamed to tell you that I cried like a child.

"I knelt down and kissed the body of the poor beast who had saved my life twice, and I was there still when my old housekeeper Prascovia came and said to me, 'What's the matter with you? To get into such a state about a dog, God forgive you. You ought to be ashamed of yourself, and you'll catch cold.' It is true I had hardly anything on. 'If the dog has got killed to save your life, it is an honor for him.' I did not agree with Prascovia, but I went back to the house. As to the mad dog, it was shot by a soldier the next day, which must have been providential, as the soldier had never fired off a gun before, although he possessed a medal for having been one of the saviors of the country in 1812. Now, gentlemen, that is why I told you that something supernatural had once happened to me."

With these words, Porphyry Capitonovich was silent and filled his pipe. We all looked at one another without speaking. At last Phinoplentoff said, "No doubt you lead an holy life, and this is a reward,"—but here he stopped short, for he saw that Porphyry got red in the face.

"But if you once admit the existence of the supernatural," said Anthony Stephanich, "and that it can enter into the ordinary affairs of every-day life, allow me to ask what scope is left for the exercise of reason?"

Nobody had anything to answer.

*Ivan Turgénieff.*

## THE ALPS IN LITERATURE.

In days when golf is carrying the world before it and croquet threatens to regain its old ascendancy, it is encouraging to observe that the nobler pastime of climbing Alps seems also to be increasing in popularity. This, at least, seems to be a fair inference from the astonishing output of mountaineering literature during the past year; while a sadder indication is afforded by the long list of fatal accidents recorded by the Alpine Club. The literature, however, is not confined to the Alps; the more adventurous spirits begin to find them almost hackneyed, and are going further afield in the search for unconquered peaks. Mr. Fitzgerald has secured immortality by engraving his name upon the Andes; while, nearer home, Mr. Oppenheim has just written about Norwegian climbs, and Messrs. Spender and Llewellyn Smith have jointly produced a bulky volume upon the Pyrenees. Of properly Alpine publications, the most considerable of recent works is, perhaps, Mr. C. E. Matthews' biography of Mont Blanc; but it is further inspiring to learn that a movement is on foot for the republication of a number of the great Alpine classics—works by Tyndall, Wills, and other pioneers of the high Alps—which are now out of print, and fetching a high price at second-hand. And most gratifying of all is the actual re-issue in a cheap edition of Mr. Leslie Stephen's "Playground of Europe"—a book in which literature and philosophy have combined with the trenchant vigor of an athlete and the passion of a genuine mountain-lover to produce a work of the most fascinating interest.

It is a common assumption that the "mountain-passion" is a growth of the present century; but that, of course,

is a mere piece of our modern insouciance. It is a human and not a local or merely contemporary emotion. It dates from the days when David lifted up his eyes unto the hills and Solomon looked with his spouse from the top of Amana, from the top of Shenir and Hermon. The "modern" feeling for the mountains still finds its grandest expression in the poetry of the Old Testament. It is true that we find little expression of it in classical literature; it belongs to the Hebraist rather than the Hellenist part of our nature. But there are hints of it in Lucretius; and in any case the silence of writers does not prove the non-existence of the feeling. Indeed, there is abundant evidence to the contrary in Greek mythology. Olympus and the mountain-nymphs are eloquent witnesses; and Pan, the goat-footed climber and lord of the mountains, was also the messenger of the gods. It is also true that the mountains remained, to speak metaphorically, somewhat under a cloud through the middle ages, and on to the end of the eighteenth century, when in this and in various other respects men suddenly awakened to a sense of the glory of things. To the mediæval imagination they appeared mainly as the abode of evil beasts, dragons and devils; and theologians engaged in working out the theory of design, had some difficulty in accounting for them. It seemed hard to fit these monstrous excrescences—dangerous, terrible, unsymmetrical, and disfiguring to the face of the earth—into the scheme of a benevolent Providence; and the most successful solution was found in such considerations as that they are haunted by fur-bearing animals, or eminently adapted for the production of cheese. But even these excuses for their ex-

istence seem to have been of dubious validity; and it is probable that, up to the time of Rousseau, at any rate, the mountains were generally recognized to be an unmitigated evil, and a mere bane and nuisance to the human race. It was in Rousseau, however, that the modern spirit, in this as in most other points, found its first embodiment. Since his time they have steadily risen in favor; and in place of abuse or damningly faint praise, they are now one of the stock subjects for rhapsody. They have been variously celebrated by nearly all the master-spirits of our literature. Shelley breathed their spirit; and Byron hitched them into his stanzas with effect. Wordsworth adored them; even Carlyle came under their spell; and Ruskin's lofty strain of prose may be said to have founded the modern cult of mountain-worshippers. To Matthew Arnold, the typical modern, "the virgin mountain air," "the hum of torrent lone," and "the hills of the high-pasturing kine," made up a potent anodyne for the Weltschmerz; while Mr. Meredith, the prophet perhaps of a yet newer modernity, has proclaimed a similar gospel in more virile if less dulcet accents. "Carry your fever to the Alps, you of minds diseased. . . . Mount; rack the limbs; wrestle it out among the peaks." Climbing, and not rumination in the valleys, is here prescribed; sweat, danger, and haggard fatigue are the remedy for our fantastic ailments. The mountains, according to this seer, are still the battleground of the spirit. In the literature of actual climbing, "The Playground of Europe" is perhaps the one veritable classic, though there are many other works whose claims are not to be despised; while, as a classic in a somewhat different style, Daudet's immortal "Tartarin" must not be forgotten. The writings of the younger school are apt to be a little too technical; too much space to be given to the contro-

versy between rock and ice climbers, and sometimes perhaps to purely personal impressions and achievements.

What, it may be asked, is the meaning of all this? What claim have mountains, and more particularly mountaineers, to such literature, or to any sort of literary treatment? And to the dweller on the plains the Meredithian attitude especially must seem to conceal strange doctrines. The rope, the ice-axe, and the blue spectacles are more like the paraphernalia of a curious fanaticism than a new armory of spiritual warfare. Can mountain-climbing really be anything more than one of the crazes of modern British athleticism? Does the climber really gain anything beyond the hardening of his muscles—with probably a concomitant stiffening of his self-conceit? Is there, after all, any parallel example of a completely purposeless expenditure of energy? To the ear of the climber, of course, such questions are rankly and monstrously heretical, and stand self-condemned in the hearing; but, none the less, they are sometimes easier to dismiss than to answer. Once among Alps or Pyrenees, of course, the mountains lift up their voice to drown such "obstinate questionings;" but in the arm-chair at home an argumentative objector is apt to put them with shrewd emphasis. The eternal question surges up,—

"But what good came of it at last?"  
Quoth little Peterkin.

Does the climbing of mountains really serve any sort of purpose? If so, what?

It might fairly be replied that any such question, and the whole notion of attempting so to justify a mere recreation, is fundamentally absurd. The climber (if of the genuine sort) does not ask for applause or approval, and should be spared such hypercriticism. He commonly receives, and is content with, the mildly sarcastic scorn of his

fellow-creatures. Climbing hills is, after all, only a form of play. To many of us it is an unbending from the stern labors of the desk and office; and it only asks to be judged as a form of relaxation. We climb because we like it, not with the idea of conferring any benefit upon humanity.

Even among games, however, there are ranks and grades: marbles is not to be compared with lawn-tennis, or lawn-tennis with cricket. Killing grouse is a superior pastime to killing rabbits; and the killing of tigers stands higher than either. These are matters of common consent; but it is difficult to go further without appeal to principles, and none are yet sufficiently established. When, however, in the course of intellectual progress a "Philosophy of Sport" has been evolved, it will perhaps be apparent that Switzerland is after all the first of playgrounds and Alpine-climbing the noblest form of play. There is certainly something to be said for it. It is a good way of renewing one's youth. Here, at least, we have something that takes us completely out of the dull routine of workaday existence, and lets us feel the pulse of a heightened and intenser life. It is in the delight of masterful exertion, in the luxurious sense of peril, in the immense sweep of vision, in the surrounding glories of form and color that the climber gains his reward. It is his to realize that "glorious hour of crowded life" which is worth so many nameless ages. The poor, over-civilized world is beneath and behind him, and he feels himself back in something like the bracing conditions of an ideal, primitive life—in the ancient battle with the forces of nature. The value and desirability, no less than the insignificance of life, are forcibly brought home to him; there he is, a poor little

"forked animal," isolated in a mighty world, and for once actually dependent to a great extent upon his own exertions (not forgetting those of his guides). And yet, somewhere in the background of his mind, there is the Kantian thought (and possibly the Tennysonian phrase) that,—

The peak is high and the stars are high,  
And the thought of a man is higher.

His ideas are at once uplifted and subdued till they approximate to the point of sanity. He "draws the breath of finer air," and his world's horizon broadens as he mounts.

For a neurotic generation—for all those who "toll at the lower employments of life"—for the tribe of scribblers, dons, clerks, and tradesmen—this is the true panacea. To body and soul and brain the mountain heights are a bath which cleanses and invigorates. It is then that we can shake off the spiritual curses of our age and return to health and nature. The sense of the dreariness of things no longer oppresses us, and we feel ourselves in tune with the cosmos, in those solemn regions,—

Where the white mists forever  
Are spread and unfurled,  
In the stir of the forces  
Whence issued the world.

It is a pastime, in short, which deserves to have a literature, and need not fear comparison with either golf or croquet. Signs that it flourishes and grows popular are therefore to be welcomed: it is not the sport of a decaying race; and it may be prophesied that it will survive the indulgent contempt of arm-chair tourists and thrive upon the jeers of cockneys. Man, after all, is a climbing animal.

The Speaker,

## TWO SIDES TO A QUESTION.

Evelyn Carpenter was a girl of decided opinions. She was also possessed of a will of her own, and a very determined way of enforcing it. A rather tall, handsome girl, with dark pensive eyes, and smooth thoughtful brow, in rather comical contrast with the proud bearing and independent appearance of their owner. She wended her way homeward with the quick, irregular step of one who chafes inwardly at the world and knows none on whom to lay the blame. She sought a mission, a new sphere of action for the benefit of her fellow-creatures.

Suddenly, before she had sufficiently awakened from her reverie to notice whence it came, a flood of sweet song seemed to soothe her ruffled feelings. A lark, imprisoned in a narrow cage, poured forth to the heedless world outside its soul of melody through hard bars of wire.

The sense of relief which had stolen over the girl gave place to one of anger combined with some odd satisfaction. Here at last was an opportunity to do good, even if it were but obtaining the freedom of one poor hopeless lark. And who more suited to the task than she, the President, self-constituted only three days since, of the N—— Society for the Promotion of Christian Charity towards Animals? The song that had soothed her unawares now made her soul burn within her. Crossing the road with decided step, she entered a little shop, over the door of which the bird sang on. It was a cobbler's workshop, she found, scattered, as such places are, with implements of the trade, and pervaded with the pleasant smell of leather. A little, bent old man, with large spectacles on his wrinkled nose, and deft lean fingers that moved nimbly over the rough leather,

put aside his work and shuffled forward to the counter. He moved slowly and with difficulty, for his old limbs were getting past their work. Pleasantly, but rather curiously, he bade her "Good-day," scarce hoping for work in his poor shop from so smart and nicely-dressed a lady. Evelyn felt somewhat uneasy at the old man's harmless aspect.

"This bird," she began, rather timidly, "is it yours?"

The cobbler looked at the cage with visible pride.

"Yes, yes, miss, my bird sure enough; and a fine bird too; not a better bird in all N——, miss." He rubbed his hands and smiled genially. Evelyn was silent as he continued, half to himself, as old men do:

"Four years it is I've had him, four years, and scarce a day off his song. It was my boy's, my Dick's youngest that's gone for a sailor; it seems only yesterday he came in, just as it might have been you, miss, to-day, with the bird in his hand, and says he—

"But beggin' your pardon; you was saying——?"

"What will you take for the bird?" she asked, not feeling quite so sure of her cause now she had actually plunged into the battle.

"Wouldn't sell him, miss; wouldn't take a sovereign for him, not if I was starving."

Evelyn took out her purse and counted its contents—two and sevenpence halfpenny. She drew out two shillings, saying in firm and superior tones, "Two shillings; not a penny more."

The old man looked at her kindly, and explained gently, as if to a child (it was really very irritating).—

"No, miss, I don't want to sell him.

I was sayin', you see, it was my lad gave me the little bird before he went to sea. No, I'm not like to part with him for that, dearie," indicating the coin with smiling contempt. "Ay, and him all the chick or child I've got left since Dick died. It minds me o' my lad when I hear him sing so bright; often when I'm feeling lonesome and low-spirited, he'll chime in so cheery, and set me thinkin' how my boy's coming soon—eh dear, eh dear! No, you can't have him, but never mind, never mind." He nodded kindly, as if he would comfort her in her disappointment.

Evelyn's patience could stand it no longer.

"Do you suppose I want to keep the poor bird?" she broke forth. "I want to buy it to give it back its liberty, to let it be free in the fields and the blue sky: surely you know how very, very cruel it is to confine a creature, made to soar and sing at the very gates of heaven, in a narrow cage with scarce room to turn."

This was delivered fluently, being a verbatim quotation from her speech at the opening meeting of the before-mentioned society.

"Poor miserable bird!" she concluded, apostrophizing the unconscious lark.

The cobbler, simple soul! was a good deal taken aback at this convincing tirade. He attempted a defence, however.

"Nay, he's not miserable—hear to him sing; would he sing like that if he weren't happy?"

"Yes," cried Evelyn, "he sings because he longs to be free; that is the song of despair, and not of joy."

The old fellow's face fell. Her eloquence half convinced him. Evelyn felt rather heated, and wanted, she didn't know why, to get out of the shop.

"Come," she said, again proffering a

coin. "Two and six, and far more than the wretched bird is worth."

"Nay," he said sadly, "I'm not going to sell him. He's like an old friend to me, and he loves me too, that he does."

"Keep your bird, then," cried the angry reformer; "keep it, and let it die in its miserable prison. Some day you will perhaps repent your wanton cruelty!" with which grandiloquent threat she departed, with rather more haste than dignity.

That night, getting into bed, Evelyn came to the conclusion that she had made rather a poor show.

A reformer, a light of civilization, an exponent of Christian charity, must surely be above losing her temper, and here she had stormed and scolded, and lost by her stupid temper a battle that was, she felt sure, more than half won.

She had also a lurking idea that her motive had not been *quite* so much the cause of righteousness as the pleasure of reporting progress to her new society. Her passionate words kept recurring to her mind as she lay sleepless half through the night. She wondered if little birds had their duty to do, as she had; whether, perhaps, in giving pleasure to a lonely old man's declining days, the lark might not be unconsciously doing its great Maker's bidding in the place for which He intended it. She was, she decided, over young to judge so hastily. And, being a thoughtful and conscientious girl, she bravely resolved to go the next morning, humble her pride to the dust, and own herself in the wrong.

About nine the next morning, walking, with rather a red face, up the narrow street, she perceived the old fellow standing at his door, with the empty cage in his hand; he was gazing towards the sky, and she saw a tear trickle down his wrinkled cheek. He turned as she approached, and smiled mournfully in answer to her inquiring glance.



"Maybe you was right, miss," he Evelyn turned away abruptly. Never said, "maybe." He passed into his in her life had she been so much shop as a sob checked his utterance. ashamed of herself.

Sunday Magazine.

*Madge S. Smith.*

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A VILLA IN A VINEYARD.

This early morning<sup>1</sup> I could sleep no more: a mosquito had won through the curtains, and either it or I must go. The ignominious remedy was much the simpler, and I came through my bedroom window, out upon the drawing-room roof. It was just after five; the sun sat flaring on the spurs of Vesuvius, turning the mountain from gray to angry purple, even as I watched; in the still air his crest of smoke stood straight on end. Every night a crimson gash glows and grows in the mountain side, to heal at dawn. And every night (while we have no moon) the bay is a blackness spangled with the lights of fishing-boats; but this morning it was the boats that lay black upon a golden sheen.

Some one asked me exactly where we are, but the man was a cricketer. I said that Naples was long-leg, Vesuvius long-on (well-round), Nisida point, Procida cover-point, Ischia extra cover, and Capri "in the deep," with a vengeance, some twenty miles over the bowler's head. Capo Posillipo is our square-leg umpire, but the bowler is a mere buoy.

In point of fact, the place is a vineyard, and the homestead in the midst of it we have taken for six months. It hangs on an angle of the cliffs, at their very edge, and from below looks a dizzier height than we find it. It is a house with a history. Lucullus built it, no less. It was his very own villa. And yet we are densely ignorant about Lucullus! He was, "of course," a Ro-

man general of the Empire, but I cannot conquer the impression that he fought his battles with the dactyl and the spondee, and scanned his own lines oftener than those of the enemy. Catullus and Tibullus are my snare. A patron of the arts we know Lucullus to have been, and here are evidences. I look out of my study window into the green basin that was the general's private theatre. My landlord has unearthed a marble plinth, with Leda and the swan in still bold relief, clearly the property of his more illustrious predecessor. We have two ways down to the sea; and by one we pass the still standing walls of a villa of Virgil himself. There are other ruins, relics, associations, if one was learned enough to write about them. Perhaps the learning will come. Meanwhile I have a vague recollection of Lucullus at school, as a man of war. But I am beginning to know him by a repute which I may say that I can check.

We have two ways down to the sea: the Virgilian way is for the most part a gradual descent by a dusty pathway through the vines; the other is precipitous and even more romantic. It is a secret stair to the water's edge, three-parts subterranean, two hundred and fifteen steps in all. It has not yet been used in a novel, to my knowledge, but its time may come. Ending, as it begins, in honest daylight, these steps land you at the mouth of a cavern containing every facility for a bloody *dénouement*; meanwhile you can undress there in luxury, and but for the rocks there

<sup>1</sup> Last August.

would be no better bathing-place in the bay. This morning the water was as warm as milk, as invigorating as dry champagne. But the sunk rocks barked my nakedness, and either the weed that grows upon the rocks, or the marine mosquito which infests the weed, stung considerably. What matter? The faithful Florentina was astrir when I clomb the two hundred and fifteenth step, and even her coffee was good to drink this morning.

Florentina is a poor cook, yet the best that we can get to come so far out of Naples, the only one who would tackle our lane and the daily journey to Posillipo for the *spesa*; and Florentina, we discover, had her reasons. She turns out to be a fortune-teller as well as a cook—it is to be hoped a better one. We understand that she practises her secondary (or primary) profession in the intervals of the *spesa*, or marketing. We know that she robs us in her good-natured, light-hearted way; but we are beginning to like Florentina in spite of her idiosyncrasies, which include a rooted objection to stays and shoes, and an open fondness for the wine of the vineyard. What we dislike, our one and only grievance, is the system of *spesa* which Florentina illustrates, and which is forced upon us by our distance from the shops. Not one of them will send. We might stew in the juice of our own grapes, but every crumb of our daily bread has to be fetched from afar.

One must not scamp Florentina. She is a woman of more than character; the charm of mystery is instinct in her untidy person and wild eyes. She has weekly interviews with her solicitor, on the head of some legacy, as far as we can make out. I have heard the jingle of money in her room. Yet the most valuable current coin of Italy is worth less than twopence. Has she a deep distrust of the paper currency? Is she such a wise virgin as all

that? Coin in Italy! She is not free from education, Florentina. Only last night I found her writing with my pen and ink, at this very desk. On the other hand, there is no quicker worker than Florentina; she polishes everything off in the morning, and retires to bed for the afternoon. She can boil an egg in ten seconds. You say in ten minutes if you want her to give it three.

To me the crowning merit of our villa is its villino, three little rooms by themselves, the best of the three my den. It is remote from the house, and Florentina; never had man a fairer chance in fairer workshop. Vines look in at one window, and through the other smokes old Vesuvius, as though butter wouldn't melt in his crater. Both windows have the light-tight shutters of the country, and face east and west respectively, so that in summer I can have as little sun as I like, in winter as much. The mere morning is worth a long day in London; there are no interruptions; you can work in flannels, or your pyjamas, without fear of friend or enemy; and not before luncheon can you get your letters.

I said the *spesa* was our only grievance, but, with one of us at any rate, the letters are a worse. They may arrive any time between the middle of the day and the middle of next week. The postman is as bad as the shopkeepers, without their right; nothing will entice him to our door. Sometimes he leaves the letters with friends of ours on the shore, and we get them when we call, or our friends bring them when they call on us. Sometimes he has consigned them to a decrepit crone at the top of our lane, but never when we send up to see. Last Saturday he seems to have dealt our letters round like a pack of cards, and to-day (Monday) they are still creeping in, like stricken soldiers. Heaven knows how many have fallen by the way! Yet I am

blamed for not correcting proofs. I have tried correcting the postman, but it is little use, and rather disagreeable. He is a splendid fellow, handsome, stalwart, but he weeps outright if you bully him, and his one excuse is subtle if not complete:

"Excellency! I have eight daughters . . ."

There is no more to be said.

These hot afternoons one may do worse than follow the example of the seasoned Florentina, and the couch in my study (when she does not borrow the cushions) affords a fairly satisfying siesta; but one fly in the room on such occasions is worse than any number in the ointment, to say nothing of my enemies the mosquitoes. There is no remedy against the latter.

Tea between three and four is indispensable in Italy, even more so than elsewhere, as it seems to us. And after tea, if there is still no sign of your letters and the three-days-old paper with the latest cricket, you can always scribble for another hour or two, as I am doing now. But the serious delight of the day is close at hand, and from five to six o'clock you go down to the sea once more for the incomparable swim before dinner. Not this time by the subterranean stair, but through the vineyard and past Virgil's villa, without a thought of the poet or of his pious hero, though I fancy there is a passage of which one ought to think. I wish I could think of it at this moment, or knew where to borrow an "*Æneid*."

It is over, the great *bagno*, the exquisite evening bathe. We were in three quarters of an hour; we swam a quarter of a mile at least. Can nobody invent a cyclometer for the swimmer, a natatometer, or patent log? It is our only exercise out here in August. I am curious to know how much we

"do." This bathing place is to the other what Lord's cricket-ground is to a pitch in Regent's Park: you are not for ever in danger of an unmerited bruise. Instead of the ubiquitous rock, you have the well-marked foundations of a Roman house, as easy to avoid as they are grateful to rest upon. It was glorious to-night! The sun was setting redder than he rose this morning, setting through rich gray clouds the color of Ischia, but much farther north, even north of Nisida. Not since I came have I known it calmer; and the ripples ran rosy to your chin, as you swam against them, into that gorgeous west. So buoyant the wave! So soft the skies! So tender the dying light upon shore and sea! And there is neither cold nor heaviness in these summer waters; the body seems as light as the heart, gliding through them. Ah! hard to feel the burden of the flesh once more, even as you drag it, dripping silver, back to dull dry land!

But how good to climb home through the dusty vineyard, clean of body and soul, with such an appetite, and a mind at peace! Giuseppe is finishing among the vines; he has deep-set, twinkling eyes, and, since he missed his last month's shave, a chin that would scrub a floor. Neapolitan of the Neapolitans, than whom no citizens have a less enviable name. In Naples, one gathers that you never know when a man "has his knife in you," until you see its point sticking out of your waistcoat. I don't believe it of Giuseppe, for one. With nothing to gain, he treats the humble tenant as though he were full lord of the vineyard, and off comes his hat as usual:

"Buona sera, eccellenza!"

"Buona sera, Giuseppe!"

E. W. Hornung.

## COMPLIMENTS TO THE GRAMMARIANS.\*

In Hachette's Almanac for 1899 there is an article entitled, "A Plea for Pure French." The anonymous author has collected, and presents to the reader, a list of three hundred common mistakes in French. He adopts the awful formula employed by Noel and Chapsal in their famous grammar. *Do not say—so and so. Say—so and so.* He offers no explanations, only a series of curt injunctions. Hachette's Almanac does not give reasons; it promulgates laws, or delivers oracles. *Do not say—say.* No answer required.

But, as an amusing writer in the *Revue Blanche* justly observes, a little moderation, even in this matter, would do no positive harm. One always remembers what Malherbe said about the beautiful diction of the Place Maubert; and it often happens that there are obscure reasons for certain forms of speech adopted by the people, which will presently win them universal acceptance and cause them to triumph signally over the anathemas of the grammarians.

Vaugelas once said, in his *Innocence*: "In cases of linguistic uncertainty it is usually well to consult women and those who have not studied, rather than persons deeply versed in the Greek and Latin tongues."

I must confess that I am of Vaugelas' mind. I regard as good and proper French all idioms and modes of expression which have passed into the common usage of honest folk, even though they may have been condemned by the grammarians. All I require is, that they should be in harmony with the genius of the language. And what is the genius of the language? Upon my word, I cannot exactly say; but if only a phrase be rapid and clear, a

word lively and picturesque, I do not care a rap where they come from. If the nation has adopted them, I use them without scruple; for they are *in the genius* of a language which is made up of light and grace.

M. Rémy de Gourmont, who agrees with me in the main, has thought good to allude in his article to certain little scrimmages at close quarters, which I have had with Messrs. Noel and Chapsal on behalf of certain idioms which they, from the height of their infallibility, undertook to proscribe. I take this opportunity of informing him that I got my horror of grammatical pedants, more than fifty years ago, from M. Sénin's "Variations of the French Language."

It is true M. Sénin was not the most erudite linguist that ever lived, but he had exquisite taste and a very biting wit. His book is out of fashion just now, but I revelled in it at the *Ecole Normale*. If my comrade of the *Revue Blanche* will take the trouble to consult that book, he will find some rather entertaining commentaries and reflections on the terrible *says* and *say nots* of Hachette's anonymous author. Noel and Chapsal issue their order: *Do not say—statue. Say—statue.*

Very well. In this case I agree with the grammarians, because the public has conformed to their ordinance. But, as a matter of fact, people were quite right when they showed a disposition to say *statue*. They were obeying the same instinct that led them to say, *estampe, estafette, estrade, estropié*, etc., etc.

In the case of Latin words beginning with *st* the people, with their unerring sense of euphony, have always softened the pronunciation by prefixing an

\* Translated for The Living Age.

e. The people made the word *espèce*; it was the pedants who compelled them to say *spécieux* and *spécial*. They made the word *esprit*, and were commanded, on peril of their lives, to say *spirituel*. Sometimes when the *s* appeared too harsh to them, they cut it out, and retained the *e* only; making *école*, for instance, out of *scola*, whence the grammarians made *scolaire*; *étude* out of *studuine*, when the stickers for us made *studieux*, and *étang* out of *stagnum*; while my gentlemen insisted upon having their water *stagnante*.

It is not that I would go back on an accomplished fact and stay *estatué*. I merely wish to point out that in this particular case the people were right, and the grammarians were the transgressors.

Do not say *nage*, says the great Anonymous; say *natation*. Do not say *consulte*; say *consultation*. Do not say *purge*; say *purgation*.

It makes me positively angry to see our language needlessly disfigured in this way!

All these final syllables in *tion*, of which our language has so many, are heavy and toneless. What could be lighter, livelier, more exactly in accord with the idea expressed than the short word *nage*? Fortunately, we have preserved it in one popular expression:—"to be saved à la nage." Is it proper to say, "he knows how to *natationner*?" *Purge*, too, is an excellent word, short and clear. It is forty times as good as *purgation*, and the people refuse to give it up.

Do not say: *mairerie*; say *mairie*.

Do not say: *serrurierier*; say *serrurier*.

I have no objection in life! But if we were to say, *sucrie*, *trésorie*, *verrie*, *serurie*, our grammarians would turn purple. Yet here again the people is quite right. The suffix is *rie*, and not *ie*:—*tapirsirie*, *tannerrie*, etc.

Do not say *contrevenction*; say *contravention*.

In the name of Heaven, why? You say *contrecarrer*, *contredire*, *contrebande*. You even say *contrevenir* (resist) an arrest. But it seems that when you *contrevenir* it is a *contravention*!

"Do not say—*fleur d'orange*; say *fleur d'oranger*."

But the populace persists in saying *fleur d'orange*, and again the populace is right and the pedants are wrong. One may say *fleur d'orange* precisely as one may say *jardin des olives*, *plantation de café*, *fleur de cassis*, etc. You merely use the same word for the fruit and the tree that bears it, gaining thereby both in rapidity and in euphony. May I not, oh ye thrice confounded pedants! use the language of Scripture and say *jardin des olives*?

"Do not say *fortuné*, but *riche*."

May my brains lie fallow for ten thousand years, if I comprehend why a man who has achieved fortune should not be described as fortunate; why the word *fortuné* is applicable only to things, as a fortunate country, the fortunate isles.

"Do not say *secoupe*, but *soucoupe*."

Oh, the tyranny of these grammatical ignoramuses! *Secoupe* is a perfectly regular formation. *Succussare* gives *secouer* (commonly pronounced *s'couer*). *Succurrere* gives *secourir*. *Soucoupe*—a vile word to pronounce!—would have gained immensely in elegance and euphony if it had preserved the popular form *s'coupe*.

"Do not say *prévu d'avance*; say simply *prévu*."

Again I ask, why? Do we not say *prédire l'avenir*?

The idiom *prévu d'avance* springs from the same need of intensification which has given us *montez en haut*, *dépêchez-vous vite*, *regardez voir*, *voyez voir*.

But enough; I only desire to put my readers on their guard against the intolerable pretensions of certain grammarians,—falsely called purists,—who

have already disfigured our language previously. Heed them not!

*"Parlez tout droit comme on parle chez*

*Les Annales.*

*nous,"* says the old servant in Molière; and his advice is good.

*Francisque Sarcey.*

## NAPOLEON AS NOVELIST.

For the world at large Napoleon's career begins at Toulon. It is true that the curtain rises there on the maker of modern France, and the king of European kings; but we ignore the rôle he had chosen for himself. Corsica was to have been the field of his exploits. Paoli had been at first his hero, then his rival. It was only on the final failure of his schemes, when the whole Bonaparte family with himself had been expelled from the island, that he looked to France to furnish him with opportunities. Not only had he made three attempts by force of arms to win the control of Corsican affairs; he had also wooed Fortune with his pen.

Nothing is more curious than the study of these early literary efforts. Rousseau with his fantastic dreams of the natural and virtuous man, and Corsica, where the inhabitants were more natural, if not more virtuous, than elsewhere, are together the objects of his adoration. His style is disjointed and harsh. It reflects the mental state of its author, a young officer, member of a despised and conquered people, alien to his surroundings, with nothing to live on but his pay, devoured by ambition, and spending his nights on study and his spare cash on books. Smooth and elegant French is not to be expected from a foreign youth in such a position. When he attempts eloquence it is tinged deeply with the rhodomontade of the revolutionary writers. But these developments are priceless as indications of the develop-

ment of the greatest intellect among rulers of men since Cæsar. The first, omitting letters, bears date 26 April, 1786. Napoleon was then barely seventeen. It is, characteristically enough, an essay on the right of Corsica to win her freedom. The arguments are drawn from the Contrat Social, and the conclusion is as follows: "Les Corses ont pu, en suivant toutes les lois de la justice, secourir le joug génois et peuvent en faire autant de celui des Français. Amen." It is easy to understand that a subaltern with these sentiments was not popular among the conservatives of the officers' mess. Probably, after some contemptuous treatment by his comrades, he returns to his room and pens the gloomy effusion dated 3 May, which begins thus: "Toujours seul au milieu des hommes, je rentre pour rêver avec moi-même et me livre à toute la vivacité de ma mélancholie. De quel côté est-elle tournée aujourd'hui? Du côté de la Mort." But he is looking forward to his leave. "I have been absent from my country six or seven years. With what delight shall I see again in four months my fellow-countrymen and my relatives!" Sometimes he is as much the realist as Rousseau in his Confessions. He does not hesitate to record his own frailties. After passing a year in Corsica he spends three months in Paris at the end of 1787. Under the title of "Rencontre au Palais Royal" he paints his first lapse from virtue with the coolness of a lady novelist of the analyti-



cal school. But the pleasures of the capital had little real hold on him. He is next writing a long essay "Sur l'amour de la Patrie." He makes his first attempt at fiction in 1788. It is but a fragment, and is based on an incident in Corsican history. Horace Walpole had opened in 1753 a subscription for a Corsican patriot imprisoned in a debtor's prison in London. Napoleon sketches an imaginary correspondence. It ends thus: "Milord à Théodore—You suffer and are unfortunate. Two claims quite sufficient to elicit the pity of an Englishman. Come out of your dungeon and receive 3,000 fr. pension for subsistence." Napoleon all his life was an Anglomaniac manqué. At this time Paoli was living in the best society in London on a pension from the Crown. Is it wonderful that to every Corsican England was the land of promise? The excellent Boswell had in young Bonaparte a passionate student of his "History of Corsica," in a French translation. Thus do the destinies of men meet, wide apart though they would often seem.

We find the love of Corsica and admiration for England united in a much longer romance written in 1788 or '89. It is headed "Nouvelle Corse." It purports to be written by an English traveller who find himself on the small island of Gorgona. His tent is set on fire at night and he himself narrowly escapes destruction. The author of the mischief is a Corsican maiden who would avenge the wrongs of her country on the supposed Frenchman. When her father, a "vieillard vertueux," appears on the scene, he conducts the traveller into the cave he inhabits, and addresses him thus: "Sois bienvenu, Anglais. Vous regnez ici. La vertu a le droit d'être vénérée en tous lieux." The English are virtuous, the French are "hommes brutaux," "les amis des méchants." The old

man has sworn "on his altar" never to pardon a Frenchman. There is no dénouement to this savage little story. The virtuous Englishman does not marry the Corsican girl, or do anything except listen to the old man's abuse of the French, but in spite of the extravagance of the language, there is evident sincerity in every word. At the outbreak of the Revolution, then, the young Napoleon was bitterly anti-French, perhaps we should say anti-Monarchical. His evolution into the fiery Jacobin and associate of the younger Robespierre was the direct outcome of his hatred for the régime which had oppressed his country.

We find two other sketches for novels written before this, neither of them founded on Corsican subjects. The first has an English plot. It is strange how the young Bonaparte's fancy plays round things English! The hero is the Earl of Essex, who, along with "les lords Russell et Sidney animés par l'amour commun de la patrie conspirèrent contre Charles II et son frère le duc d'York." Sidney is described as "un de ces patriotes inflexibles qu'anime le génie des Brutus, des Thraséas." This is quite in the approved style of revolutionary eloquence. The Countess hears in her sleep cries of "Jeane Betzle, chère Jeane," and, later on, "comme elle était au milieu du Pall Mall," hears some one say, "le Comte d'Essex est mort." She finds her husband assassinated, and shuts herself in her house till "le duc d'York fut détrôné." All this, though bald enough even in the original, shows that the author had read English history; indeed, we find a MS. among his papers of fifty-nine pages, containing an abstract of our history from Julius Cæsar to William of Orange.

His last romantic effusion is remarkable rather from the reflections of the writer than the subject. It is the old story of the masked Prophet which

Tom Moore made use of in "Lalla Rookh," and follows much the same lines. Probably both the poem and the sketch were drawn from the same source. Napoleon seems to have owed his inspiration to Marigny's "Histoire des Arabes," of which we have his copious extracts. The last two sentences run thus: "Telle fut la fin d'Hakem, surnommé Burkal, que ses sectateurs croient avoir été enlevé au ciel avec les siens. Cet exemple est incroyable. Jusqu'où peut porter la fureur de l'illustration?" Such moralizing from the young Bonaparte is curious enough. Not less curious and more tragic is a note in his abstract of "Lacroix's Geography" under the heading "Possessions des Anglais en Afrique," which runs "Sainte Hélène, petite île."

The only other one of these early writings not purely political is a "Dialogue on Love," the two interlocutors being Napoleon himself and his school friend and regimental comrade Des Mazis. Doubtless it is a reproduction of many conversations between the two youths on the part which the tender passion should play in a man's life.

The Saturday Review.

Here the remarkable fact is the absolute fidelity with which this somewhat priggish production of youth fore-shadows the writer's conduct in after life. Never was there a man who less easily suffered the intrusion of the heart in matters of business. Des Mazis maintains the charms of an existence "devoted to the happiness of the beloved being." Bonaparte laughs such a prospect to scorn, and urges the claims of ambition and love of country. "Toi," he cries, "aux genoux d'une femme. Fais plutôt tomber aux tiens les méchants confondus!" "A quoi êtes vous bon? Confiera-t'on le bonheur de vos semblables à un enfant qui s'alarme ou se réjouit au seul mouvement d'une autre personne? Confiera-t'on le secret de l'état à celui qui n'a point de volonté?"

This was written in 1791. Henceforth the pen of this youthful misogynist is employed on political themes. He handles them to suit his own purposes, to push his own fortune. He becomes the ardent apologist of the Revolution, but his effusions lack the fiery convictions of these earlier literary indiscretions.

## YOUTH.

If to be young is to be glad at heart,  
 To love the birds, to love the wayside flowers,  
 To leap with joy in springtide's breezy hours,  
 And find a bliss in Nature's every part—  
 In things that creep, in fish that dive and dart—  
 Then in the playground of Jellightful bowers  
 I bear a youth that shall not lose its powers,  
 Nor dread the strife of eager town and mart.

If to be young is to be full of hope  
 And buoyant life, longing to cast away  
 The petty cares that make us stoop and grope,  
 And be a child again with mirth and play,—  
 Such is the youth I strive for, strong to cope  
 With time and all his terrors, day by day.

The Gentleman's Magazine.

Arthur L. Salmon.

